

Practical English

NOVEMBER 17, 1948 • VOL. 5, NO. 9 • A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



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Say What You Please!

... and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know *what's on your mind*. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y.—*The Editors*.

Dear Editor:

Your "Say What You Please!" column has helped boys and girls all over the world to come to a better understanding of each other.

Margaret George
Monroe (Mich.) H.S.

Dear Editor:

I am much obliged to you for publishing my letter on the subject of exchanging correspondence between American and Cuban students. Those of us whose names were published in your magazine have received many interesting letters from students all over the United States. Since there have been so many letters, we are passing them on to friends who are also interested in corresponding with American youth.

Enrique Gonzáles
128 Colón Street
Cienfuegos, Cuba

Dear Editor:

My students have taken to your "Practice Makes Perfect" Workbook with enthusiasm. The brighter pupils want to work through the booklet *immediately*, rather than waiting for weekly studying of the workbook pages.

When local parents were assembled for a "Know Your School" night last week, our vice-principal presented awards to two girls who had completed the workbook with high scores.

Mrs. Hugh R. Meldrum
Penn Yan (N.Y.) Academy and Jr. H.S.

Dear Editor:

After reading Gay Head's "Jam Session" on worthwhile student projects (Sept. 29), we want to tell you about a project we had last year. It was a Christmas tea dance which took place during our ninth period class. We had a box for gifts which students brought to the dance and a can where students could contribute money. We charged ten cents admission. The girls of our

(Continued on page 4)

Martin AIR MEMO

Facts on the Air Age

by The Glenn L. Martin Company, Baltimore 3, Maryland



THE LARGEST FLYING BOAT in active service, the Navy's 82½-ton Martin JRM-2 Mars, broke the world's non-stop seaplane record of 4375 miles in 28 hours when it completed its shakedown flight of 4748 miles from Honolulu to Chicago in just 24 hours, 9 minutes, with a payload of 14,000 lbs. A few days later this Caroline Mars set a new tonnage record, flying from Patuxent, Md., to Cleveland, a distance of 390 miles, with a payload of 68,283 lbs. The giant ship has joined four sister JRM-1's with the Navy's Fleet Logistics Support Wing in Honolulu, carrying virtually the entire airborne fleet supply load in the Pacific!

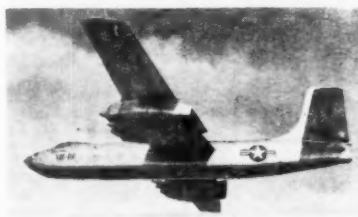


BOYS WILL BE BOYS . . . The airline hostess cheerfully granted every wish of her two little boy passengers—got drinks of water, tied shoe laces, answered many questions and with a sigh of relief watched them leave the plane at La Guardia Field. Later, relaxing at a theater in New York, she watched the curtain go up, then gave a startled gasp. There on the stage were her two "little boy" passengers—feature stars of an all-midget show!



HIGH LIGHTS: Last year the Australian airlines flew 1,152,310 passengers (almost 1/7 of the population) 492,000,000 miles, an average of 64 miles per capita . . . Airline passenger safety factor for U. S. carriers was improved from 0.9 per 100 million passengers for 1947 to 0.7 per 100 million for first quarter of 1948 . . . New air parcel post service of P. O. Department will reach Europe and the Far East, as well as the United States . . . A recent report of one of the pilot's associations here in the States lists King Michael of Rumania as a new member.

TWO-COLOR RADAR has been demonstrated recently and is said to promise new accuracy and safety in flying. In this scheme, one rotating antenna picks up an artificial and natural "echo," both of which are then plotted in two colors on a single chart, simplifying task of locating planes.



POWER PLUS . . . The Martin XB-48, first six-jet bomber in the world, is powered by six General Electric J-35 gas turbine engines, each of which has a rated thrust of 4000 pounds, or a total thrust for the powerful bomber of 24,000 pounds. Three engines are housed under each wing; the ship requires only a crew of three and has a bomb capacity of over 10 tons.



FIRST PASSENGER PLANE, the Great Lakes Tourer, was developed by Martin in 1913. Considered high-speed, its cruising speed was less than the stalling speed of modern airplanes!

Martin

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in
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adventure masterpiece
Kidnapped

with SUE ENGLAND • DAN O'HERLIHY
ROLAND WINTERS • JEFF COREY
A Lindsley Parsons Production • Directed by
William Beaudine • Screenplay by
W. Scott Darling • From the novel by Robert Louis
Stevenson • A MONOGRAM Picture

Say What You Please!

(Continued from page 3)

class made candy, popcorn balls, and fancy cookies in the Homemaking House. We sold these at the dance to make money.

We raised \$40, and with this we bought a year's subscription to a teacher's magazine for a teacher in Kentucky; gifts for two former members of our class—one had returned to England and the other was in the hospital; and three CARE packages for German families.

Our class enjoyed this project. We felt we had given someone else happiness and learned the real meaning of Christmas.

Lucil De Boerdere
11B English Class
Marion (N.Y.) Central Rural School

Dear Editor:

I have been reading with great interest your series on "How to Appreciate Motion Pictures." As I am the adviser of the Photoplay Club in the school where I teach, I certainly could use more of such material.

Mrs. A. Kittel
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Editor:

I am an Austrian high school student. Recently, in one of our school magazines I noticed an article by an American student about student opinion in the U. S. Since I learned so much from his article, I thought your readers might like to know a little bit about Austrian youth.

We are very interested in world affairs. I find nine out of ten boys read a daily paper, and only two out of ten skip the political part. International events are discussed between classes—because we do not have a class in current history—only one in ancient history. I think, however, that current history would be of much more use.

We are particularly interested in the U. S. Each of the four powers occupying Austria at present tries to influence the public of course. But the average American-zone boy thinks of America as a country of freedom and democracy and an example for the whole world. Graphs show that a great many of the people who visit the U. S. Information Center are students.

I enjoy your magazine very much. It's quite different from our school magazines. If your readers have any questions about our system of education or anything else, tell them to drop me a line. I'll answer their questions as well as I can.

Andlinger Gerhard
28 Schubertstrasse
Linz, Austria

Practical English

(Combined with PKEP)

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business or Vocational Courses, Published Weekly During the School Year

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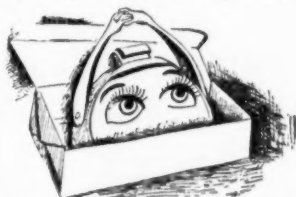
OUR FRONT COVER. Three guesses as to the scene of our front cover—and you'll be right on all three! A football game. Did he make it? Was it a first down? Was it a touchdown? Look at their faces—and give a guess. We don't know the answer, but we do know that the photo was taken at the game between North Tarrytown (N. Y.) H. S. and Washington Irving H. S., Tarrytown. Washington Irving won!

—Photo by Dickey Meyer

BATTLE OF THE SEXES. "Give us more stories of interest to girls," writes a girl reader. "Give us more stories of interest to boys—more sports stories," writes a boy reader. So where are we—except in a quandary? Aren't boys interested in anything except sports? Aren't girls interested in anything except—dates? (We're guessing. Our girl reader didn't say what is "of interest to girls!")

You're telling us!

For the best letter from a girl and the best letter from a boy on "My Favorite Kind of Short Story," *Practical English* will pay \$1.00. Long or short? It doesn't matter. Say what you please! Mail your letters to The Editor, *Practical English*, Scholastic Magazines, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y., before December 1, 1948. The winners will be announced in a January issue of the magazine.



SURPRISE! Our Surprise Prize (which we don't have) goes to Rhoten Byington (whom we don't know) of Knoxville, Tennessee. Seems that when he opened a box of crackers to go with soup for lunch, he found a woman's white leather purse—and no crackers! In the handbag there was money and a card inscribed with a girl's name and address in St. Louis, Mo.

A telephone call to St. Louis cleared up the mystery. The girl, employed in a cracker factory, had placed it in an empty box while she worked. A co-worker had tossed it on the assembly line and down the chute it went.

That happened a month before Rhoten's surprise lunch. Meanwhile, 10 girls had opened 700 sealed boxes at the cracker factory—all in vain.

Moral: Keep your handbag handy!

The Girl Who Didn't Give Up

—Jane Froman, radio singer

ONE day in 1943 the popular singer Jane Froman boarded a plane for Europe. She was going overseas to sing for service men. Jane's career was already more successful than she'd ever dreamed of back in high school.



Over a river near Lisbon, Portugal, the plane crashed. The next thing Jane knew, she was almost drowning. With one arm, the only one of her arms or legs that seemed to work, she thrashed to the surface. Hours later, a launch took aboard Jane and the one other plane survivor; they were rushed to a hospital in Lisbon; later to one in New York. For months, doctors were undecided whether to amputate Jane's right arm and right foot.

"I cried more those first four months (after the crash) than most people have cried in their whole lives. I asked over and over why this had to happen to me. But fortunately I soon realized that all my tears wouldn't alter the facts. I had to find an interest so I could forget my troubles. No one could do this for me. So I began to sing again. I started to rehearse my next radio show.

"If anything had happened to my voice," Jane said, "I would have begun to write. That's my second career."

Jane turned thumbs down on amputating her foot. (Her arm would heal.) She chose to take the years of operations instead. "Doctors said that if my foot were amputated I would be walking in a year. It's been five years; but in one more year I'll be walking—on my own feet!"

Jane now sings over CBS Sundays and on other programs.

"How did you happen to become a singer?" we asked.

"I discovered—when I was very young—that when I sang, my stammer (which Jane still has) disappeared. So I sang all the time. I planned to be an opera singer; but I sang 'pops' for fun. When I had left my home state of Missouri and was studying at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, the owner of radio station WLW offered me \$10 for a program. I began singing about 22 programs a week.

"One day Paul Whiteman heard me over WLW and invited me to an audition in Chicago." On the way to the audition Jane tripped and fractured her ankle. She took a taxi to the studio, sang eight songs. She joined Whiteman's band—as soon as her ankle was out of its cast. "My big break came," Jane said, "when NBC gave me a 15-minute show, following the Amos 'n' Andy show, five times a week. I came to New York and was on my way."

As soon as Jane could get around on crutches after her plane accident, she returned to Europe to sing for the wounded in hospitals. "They began to realize," she said, "that they could overcome their troubles, too."

A happy result of Jane's accident was her marriage last March to the one other survivor of the crash, the airlines officer she met in the water beside the wreck!

★ ★ ★

"may I ask just one question please?"

What do **YOU** want most when you travel?"



"Just about every one I've talked with has a different answer to that question!"

"If *your* reply is like any of the ones below, there's a way in which you can save quite a lot of money, and have a better time—on almost any out-of-town trip. And, if you have some other pet preference, when traveling, my guess is that Greyhound will come nearest meeting it, too—in SuperCoaches built for travel satisfaction!"

"The best way is to phone, or call on your Greyhound agent, next time you plan a trip anywhere in America."



"Who, me? I want convenience—lots of schedules..."

Then Greyhound's for you! There are many departures daily, timed at most convenient hours—prompt arrivals, too.



"Everything's so high—I want to save money!"

Lady, you'll save money on every Greyhound trip! Fares are lower than any other transportation—less than driving your own car.



"I want to get home from school on week-ends."

Then go Greyhound. Serves hundreds of schools and colleges—in many cases stops right at campus gates.



"I like to see things, meet people, have a good time..."

It's truly more fun traveling Greyhound—you meet such congenial people, see America's beauty spots close-up, by highway.



"I'm a salesman—gotta make all the little towns!"

Greyhound's going your way! Serves all the big cities—and stops at thousands of small towns, communities in between.



"I'm 'way past 50—give me comfort, relaxation."

There's real riding ease in deeply-cushioned chairs that recline to any desired angle. Drivers are careful and courteous.

GREYHOUND



BOOK REVUE

"BOOK reports?" snorted Sandy Ramson. "Don't even mention them. We have 'em once a month in Mrs. Pope's English class—and that's once too often!"

"You're right," Dick Idema agreed. "What good do they do, anyway? You have to reel off a lot of stuff about the characters, author, and plot. No one listens to what you say."

Can you blame Sandy and Dick for turning "thumbs down" on book reports the way Artice Bierley gives them? Artice shuffles to the front of the classroom, hangs her head on her chest, and mumbles into her scarf. She could be repeating the multiplication tables through the nines. No one hears her anyway.

Then there's Nick Shelton. He stands stiffly at attention, fixes his eyes glassily on the opposite wall, and rapidly recites some dusty material he's learned by heart. This method has one definite advantage. Nick isn't upset by the frequent snores of his classmates. Being in a somewhat hypnotic state himself, Nick neither hears the snores nor sees the snorers. He merely encourages them.

Would anyone listen to such oral book reviews if he didn't have to?

Yet you *can* give interesting reports. Only yesterday at lunch you had everyone excited when you told about *The Secret Land*, the latest movie you've seen. *That was a movie report!*

You're "all ears" when Sparky Timmons describes the out-of-town football game between your school and Wilson High. *He's giving a sports report!*

What about the time you told the gang about *The Red Pony*, by John Steinbeck? Do you remember that Sophie Taplin went right to Mrs. Pope and asked where she could find the book? You had given such a good report that your listeners wanted to read the story.

You'll have many opportunities to sell your ideas and yourself. Your social and business success will depend on how well you can do it. Someday your boss, Mr. Carmichael, may say:

"Bill, what did you think of that article in last night's newspaper about our chances of finding a peaceful solution to the Russian situation?"

Mr. Carmichael will be listening carefully to what you say. If you want to be promoted from messenger boy to junior salesman, you'd better review that newspaper article carefully.

What does it take? Whether you're

reviewing a newspaper article, a movie, a football game, or a book, you need to be able to do three things: (1) organize your thoughts; (2) express yourself well; (3) use critical judgment.

Practice makes perfect. That's why Mrs. Pope announces, "We'll have oral book reports next Friday."

Meet the Experts

Mrs. Pope pauses. "This time, we'll have group book reports. I'll divide the class into groups of six. Each group will read and review *one* book. Each group will choose its own chairman."

"You mean," interrupted Artice, "that six people will read and review the same book?"

"Let me explain," Mrs. Pope said. "Suppose Dale Walden is chairman of one group. His group chooses to review *Anything Can Happen*, by George and Helen Papashvily. Everyone in Dale's group will read the book. Then on Friday, Dale's group will sit around a table at the front of the class and become a board of experts on that book. It's something like the radio program, *Author Meets the Critic*.

"Dale, as chairman, will begin the discussion by telling some intriguing part of the story. He might say something like this:

"What happens when a party of immigrants try crossing the United States in an old touring car and a wornout

truck, loaded with furniture? Their truck becomes bogged down while fording a western stream. Along come some Navaho Indians. The immigrants have read fearful stories about wild Indians, scalplings, etc. Anna Feodorovna falls down on her knees and begins to pray. Ermak crouches behind a kitchen table. The Russian admiral grabs his sword . . .

"Dale will be careful not to spoil the story for his readers by telling the outcome of the meeting of the Russians and the Navaho Indians.

"Then Dale will mention the name of the book, the authors, and will say the Indian story is only one of the absorbing incidents in the true story of an immigrant's first 20 years in the United States.

"Dale will then call on his experts to help him review the book. Mary Ellen may discuss the characters and their background; Joe Bonimo discusses the plot and the problems in the story; Janis Van Dam, the style of the writing; Harold Myers, the setting of the book; Lennie Culp, facts about the authors.

"From time to time, other members of the committee are free to volunteer additional information or to ask questions. When each member has given his report, Dale considers the book as a whole. Each committee has 12 minutes for its report. I've put an outline on the board to help each member of the committee. First, are there any questions?"

Dale raised his hand. "It sounds like a lot more fun than ordinary oral book reports and as if it would be easier, too; but what if the library doesn't have six copies of the book that the group wants to read?"



"We'll borrow books from both the town and school library. Some of you will have copies at home that you'll be glad to lend. Also, we have—in our classroom library—several copies of certain Pocket Books and Bantam Books."

Here's the outline that Mrs. Pope put on the blackboard to guide the group experts:

1. *The chairman.* Start with an arresting account of the story. Tell the name of the book and the author. Keep the audience's interest at a high pitch, but don't spoil the book for them by telling the entire plot. Just tell enough to whet their appetite, to make them want to read the book.

Also, the chairman keeps track of the time and allots two or three minutes to each committeeman.

2. *Expert on setting.* What is the place of action? What is the time of action? *Anything Can Happen* starts with the author's entry into the United States in 1923. During the next 20 years, the author sees most of the United States while he works at a dozen different jobs.

Mention how the author captures the melting-pot atmosphere of New York City, and the atmosphere of Hollywood and San Francisco. Also briefly point out the author's stay in Pittsburgh, Detroit, etc.

3. *Expert on the characters.* Are the characters real people? Do they come to life as individuals? Do you feel that you'd recognize them if you were to meet them? Or are they merely names, without personalities?

Since *Anything Can Happen* is an account of the author's own experiences during the first twenty years he lived in this country, the author is the chief character. Some of his adventures seem unusual (like the time he was mistaken for a rum-runner on a California beach), yet he does seem real to the reader. Uncle John, the old Russian cook who carries his pots and pans with him and is always cooking his favorite foods, also "comes to life" as an individual whom we feel we understand and know.

Don't rely on your own description of the characters. Use the author's words, too. Try to do this imaginatively. Giorgi Ivanitch (the author's name in the book) took some bread dough with him on a streetcar, and the dough began to rise.

"A woman leaned over from the corner. Her hat feather stuck in my eye.

"You a Russian?" she said.

"No, madame," I begin to explain, "I'm a Georgian. Not the same."

"He's a Russian," the woman screamed. "It's a bomb." She pulled the emergency cord.

"Whatch you got ther?" the conductor said.

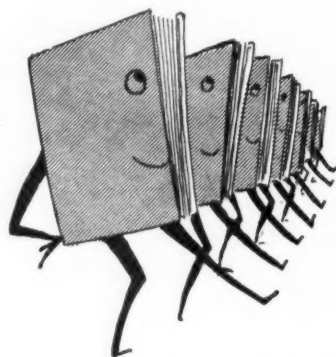
"At this time I wasn't speaking English so goodly as I did later but I knew r-o-u-g-h makes English ruff—so d-o-u-g-h must come same.

"I got duff," I said. "Only a bag of bread duff."

4. *Expert on plot and problems.* The plot is the story. It tells what happens to the characters when they grapple with their problems. Does the plot move smoothly? Are there reasons for things happening as they do? Is everything explained clearly? Considering the sort of people they are, do the characters behave naturally? Or does the author seem to be fitting the action together mechanically? Is everything too "pat"?

For instance, in the chapter, "Yes, Your Honesty," does it seem natural for an immigrant to appear in court and insist that he's innocent? Or would he plead guilty?

Anything Can Happen is a series of stories—each an hilarious account of some experience that the immigrant author had, such as the time he was



fired by the restaurant owner for dropping a tray of glasses and for eating expensive caviar and sour cream. The author's poor knowledge of English and of American ways explain logically many of the problems which arose in his life. We understand clearly what happened to him and we sympathize or laugh with him.

The problems in any story arise because there are *conflicts*. The hero comes into conflict with another character, or with a situation or with himself. Does the conflict seem true-to-life? Could it really happen? Or does it seem far-fetched or made-to-order by the author?

5. *Expert on style.* How does the author write? Is his style straightforward, fast-moving, and crisp? Or is it slow and leisurely? Does it hold your attention? What sort of vocabulary does the author use? Is it easy to understand or is it difficult? Does he poke fun at people, or is he gentle with them, or does he become angry with them? Is he writing with tongue-in-cheek? Or is he in earnest?

Anything Can Happen probably was written by Helen Papashvily, a native American, who knows English well. She writes, however, in the style that her Georgian-born husband talks, in order to give us the flavor of his stories. It seems natural for the Russian admiral to say, "Experienced travelers always take the back roads. That way you avoid bandits and holduppers."

Carefully point out that the characters in *Anything Can Happen* do not talk in difficult dialects. (Many people don't like dialect stories, such as Br'er Rabbit, and they'd be frightened away from reading your book.)

Discuss all the questions on style, giving short illustrations from the book to prove the points you're making.

6. *Expert on the author.* In addition to reading the book, the expert on the author looks up the author in *Current Biography*, one of the author books in the school library, or in *Who's Who in America*. What sort of a person is the author? (Mr. Papashvily is outstanding in his enjoyment of his friends and of people in general; he loves to have a good time, and he thinks America is the most remarkable country in the world.) Describe Mrs. Papashvily briefly. Tell what they look like and, if possible, show the class a picture of them from *Current Biography*. Be sure to mention the names of any other books written by the same author.

7. *The chairman again.* Consider the entire book—the characters, plot, style, setting, author. Is the book strong on plot? Or does the author concentrate on building up vivid characters? Or is he most concerned with getting some idea across? Or is it the style—the writing itself—that makes the book valuable? In *Anything Can Happen*, of course, it's the interesting characters—and the things that happen to them—that make the book exciting and amusing.

Do the "strong points" outweigh the weak points? Is the plot so exciting that you don't mind the ordinary writing? Are the ideas so important that they hold your interest, even though the characters are dull "types"?

Balance each piece against the others, decide whether, as a whole, they make a good book. Compare the book to other books that most students are familiar with. (*Anything Can Happen* has much in common with Kathryn Forbes' book, *Mama's Bank Account*.)

Could any of the events in the book have happened in your neighborhood or town? Are the characters "alive" and real enough to you so that you'll remember them as "old friends" a year from now? Would you enjoy reading another book by the same author? That's an idea! Check your library card catalogue to see if you can start "adventures in reading" immediately!

Dear Joe,

EXCUSE, please, my delay in writing. I found your address at last. I thought I'd written it in my world history book beside the picture of Napoleon at Waterloo. Instead, it was on the page describing Mary, Queen of Scots!

Maybe one reason I was so addle-brained is that we've been under "investigation" this week—not by Congress, but by Mrs. Pfeffer, which is almost as nerve-racking.

It all started on Monday during fifth period study hall. Miss Bobbitt had stepped out of the room for a few minutes and that gave Dizzy a chance to park a paper cap on the statue of Willie Shakespeare on the book shelf. Pinetop suggested trying to knock the cap off with erasers. In two minutes the room was so filled with chalk dust that we seemed to be in a London fog. Larry was standing on a desk to throw a fast one when the study hall door opened and there stood Mr. Humboldt, the principal, and Mrs. Pfeffer!

"Well, I never!" she said and then almost choked. "No wonder," she gasped after a coughing spell, "that this school has such an outRAGEous bill for repairs, especially for broken windows!" Then she happened to see Willie—on the book shelf—and shuddered.

Mr. Humboldt, I must say, controlled himself admirably except for the "30-below" look in his eyes as he told Dizzy, Pinetop, and Larry to report immediately to his office and "await" him. Then he explained to us that Mrs. Pfeffer was chairman of the Citizen's Committee for Better Schools. We immediately had visions of a new stadium, a glassed-in swimming pool, and a swanky recreation room with television! But do you know what? All she wanted to see was the "condition of the desks, textbooks (furnished by the school), etc." What a disappointment!

Of course, it's true that the textbooks are practically moth-eaten. Most of the desks have so many scratches and initials carved on them that you have to use a magazine as a pad, when writing. Mine is one of the worst, so Mrs. P. practically crawled all over it. Then she looked at me and said, "Aren't you the Tatum child?" I nodded demurely (I hope).

"I thought so," she said, as if I were a criminal or something. "Do you realize, my child, that your father helps pay for these desks—and look at the way this one is—*is* mutilated!"

I was just about to explain that I'd never put a single initial on *that* desk when what she said about my father hit me.

"Yes, indeed!" Mrs. Pfeffer said in answer to the question I'd meant to ask. "He's a taxpayer, isn't he?"

Gosh, you know, I'd never realized before that my poor, sweet, hard-working Dad had to help pay for things like desks and school buildings and textbooks. Jeepers, I'll never put another mark on any of them. I'll even write your address in my looseleaf notebook—right next to the words to *You Call Everybody Darling*.

Sincerely yours,

Julie





"Darn pages are stuck."

Pal Mordell Features

MARK TWAIN, beloved author of *Tom Sawyer*, was a mighty wit and a fine writer; but he wasn't much of a hand in the library. He once declared that the only way he could locate any book or manuscript in his own private library was to file everything under *Miscellaneous!*

Such a casual approach to library work might have been all right for a genius like Twain, but it wouldn't spell success for the rest of us. That's why librarians have organized their domain into efficient, businesslike files and shelves. Without this organization, none of us would be able to locate the information we need.

But do you make the most of your library's efficiency? Can you make beelines for the books you want? You should be able to, if you've digested the library articles which have run in the previous eight issues of *Practical English*. You've studied all of the important reference tools from A(tlases to Y(earbooks). Now let's see how well you can use those tools.

Each of the eight quizzes here covers one of the library features which you've read this semester. Notice that each quiz is headed with the title of the article on which it is based. And don't overlook the dates below each heading; they're handy cross-references to the issues you'll want to review if any questions stump you.

Quiet, Please (September 22)

Sh-h-h, there are people at work here in the library; let's tiptoe around to get our bearings. Have you a pencil handy?

Fine—mark a T (True) or an F (False) next to each of these statements. As you go along, correct each false statement to make it true.

— 1. You'll find that every book in the library is identified with a number based on the Dewey Decimal System.

— 2. If you want Stevenson's novel *Treasure Island*, you'll head for the "T" section of the fiction shelves.

— 3. If a chemistry book is labeled 546, you'll go to the shelf marked "500-599" to find it.

— 4. A pamphlet about chemistry, also bearing the number 546, would be on the same shelf as the book of that number.

— 5. You'll find the January 1945 issue of *Etude*, a specialized magazine about music, on the magazine display rack.

It's in the Cards (September 29)

Unfortunately, you can't browse all afternoon. There's work to be done—research on that term project about *atomic energy*. You'll start with the card catalogue, so pull out that "A" drawer and flip through. Ah, here's an interesting card; study it, then complete each of the statements in column 3.

ATOMIC ENERGY

541.2-Y Yates, Raymond Francis
Atom smashers; a story of
discovery. Didier 1945
182p illus

Beelines for Books

1. This is the _____ card for this book; the catalogue should also carry two other cards for the book, one filed under _____, the other under _____.

2. The book's call number is _____.

3. Yates is the _____ of the book; Didier is the _____.

4. The complete title of the book is _____.

5. The notation 182p illus means that _____.

6. Since the book was published in _____, it won't contain the latest available information.

Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax (October 6)

Step right this way to the encyclopedia shelf, ladies and gentlemen. Here you'll find not one, not two, but three or four or five sets of encyclopedias. But before you dig in, glance over this guide to the use of each set. Put the finishing touches on the guide by underlining the correct ending for each statement.

1. The encyclopedia whose first volume contains a "Ready Reference Index" for the entire set is: (a) *Compton's*; (b) *World Book*; (c) *Junior Britannica*.

2. The encyclopedia which has an individual "Fact Index" in each volume is: (a) *Junior Britannica* (b) *Compton's*; (c) *World Book*.

3. The encyclopedia whose index is in the last volume is: (a) *World Book*; (b) *Compton's*; (c) *Book of Knowledge*.

4. The encyclopedia which substitutes a "Reading and Study Guide" for an index is: (a) *Junior Britannica*; (b) *World Book*; (c) *Book of Knowledge*.

5. The index reference 13-469a in *Junior Britannica* means: (a) Section 13, page 469; (b) Volume 13, page 469, paragraph 1; (c) Volume 13, page 469, column 1.

6. In *Compton's*, the index reference H-313b would send you to: (a) Volume H, page 313, column 2; (b) Volume H,

gaze (gāz, v. i. [ME. *gazen*]) To fix the eyes in a steady and intent look; to look with eagerness, as in wonder or with studious attention.

Syn. *gaze, gaze, stare, glare, glower, peer, gloat.* *Gaze* implies fixed and prolonged attention, esp. as in admiration or wonder. *Gaze* implies stupid and openmouthed wonder; *stare*, esp. insistence of vacant fixity; *glare*, fierceness or anger; *glower*, scowling or lowering ill temper. To *peer* is to look curiously, esp. through or from behind something. To *gloat* is to gaze with profound, often malignant or unbalanced, satisfaction.

—**n.** 1. *Archais.* An object gazed on. 2. An intent look. *gazebo* (gāz-ē'bō), **n.**: pl. -bos, -boes (-bōz). A balcony with windows.

gazebound' (gāz-'bōund'), **n.** A hound that pursues by sight rather than by scent.

gazelle' (gāz-ē'lē), **n.**: see *gazelle*. *gazelle* (gāz-ē'lē), **n.**: pl. -elles (-ē-lēz). 1. A newspaper. 2. An official journal; specif. (esp.), one of the three official papers of Great Britain containing lists of honors, names of bankrupts, public notices, etc. —**v.** *t.* To announce or publish in a gazette.

gazetier (gāz-ē'tēr), **n.** One who writes or edits a gazette.

gazette (gāz-ē'tē), **n.** [F., fr. It. *gazetta*] 1. A newspaper. 2. An official journal; specif. (esp.), one of the three official papers of Great Britain containing lists of honors, names of bankrupts, public notices, etc. —**v.** *t.* To announce or publish in a gazette.

gazetier (gāz-ē'tēr), **n.** [F. *gazetier*, *gazetier*] 1. A writer of news, or an officer appointed to publish news. 2. A geographical dictionary.

geant'cline (jē-'ānt-'klīn), **ge'an-ti-clī-'nal** (jē-'ānt-'klī-'nāl), **n.**: pl. -nals (-nālz). [See *geo-*; *anticlinal*.] *Geol.* A great upward flexure of the earth's crust. —**adj.**

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Worlds of Information

(October 20)

Now let's try a session with atlases and almanacs, the books which place the world in your hands. Can you find your way around our globe? You're off in the right direction if you can complete these statements:

1. The *World Almanac's* index is in the _____ part of the book.

2. The 1948 edition of the *Almanac* covers statistics through the year _____.

3. The *Rand McNally World Atlas* lists the maps it contains in an index called a _____.

4. In addition to page references, this specialized index gives other information, such as _____, about each country.

5. The *Atlas' "Geographical Relations"* maps present, pictorially, such information as _____ and _____ throughout the world.

Meet the People

(October 27)

Don't think you can "knock on any door" in the library to find facts on well-known people. Each biographical reference book carries a special type of information about a certain group of people. Do you know where to look to find your subject "at home"? See if you can underline the correct answer to each statement.

1. If you wanted only the nationality and the pronunciation of the novelist Dostoevski, you'd refer to: (a) *Who's Who*; (b) *Biographical Index*; (c) *Webster's Biographical Dictionary*.

2. For brief statistics on Eisenhower's career, you'd consult: (a) *Who Was Who*; (b) *Current Biography*; (c) *Who's Who in America*.

3. To bring your research on Eisenhower up to date, you'd first look into: (a) *Dictionary of American Biography*; (b) *Dictionary of National Biography*; (c) *Biographical Index*.

4. You'd find a complete, colorful article on Nathan Hale in (a) *Dictionary of American Biography*; (b) *Who Was Who in America*; (c) *Who's Who*.

5. For a detailed article on Sinclair Lewis, you'd look into: (a) *American Authors and Books, 1640-1940*; (b) *Twentieth Century Authors*; (c) *American Authors, 1600-1900*.

6. Brief facts about Clement Attlee's career would best be found in: (a) *Dictionary of National Biography*; (b) *Who Was Who*; (c) *Who's Who*.

In Other Words . . .

(November 3)

That monster of a book on the stand in the corner is an unabridged dictionary. To get in trim for a tussle with it, you might want a practice session

with its kid brother, *Webster's Collegiate* (abridged) *Dictionary*. At the top of this page, you'll find a sample from that volume. By studying it carefully, you should be able to answer these questions:

1. What is the preferred spelling for the plural *gazebo*?

2. Name six synonyms for *gaze*. (Can you explain the differences among all of them, in your own words?)

3. In what special field of learning would you expect to find the word *geanticline*?

4. Place one line under the primary accent, and two lines under the secondary accent, of *ge an ti cline*; do the same for *ge an ti cli nal*.

5. Can you explain the derivation of *gazette*?

6. What cross-references does the dictionary give you for tracking down the derivation of *geanticline*?

7. How many parts of speech is the word *gazette*? Name them.

8. If an Englishman were to speak of the *Gazette*, to what would he be referring?

That's the Last Word

(November 10)

Before leaving the library, let's make one last visit—to the vocabulary reference shelf. Here are the word books which you'll want when you're looking for synonyms, antonyms, and interesting phrases. At this point, we might also run through some of the extra added attractions which you'll find in your dictionary. Get a firm grip on your well-worn pencil, and mark each of these either T (true) or F (false): be sure to correct the false statements.

—1. To decipher the abbreviation *F. R. A. S.*, when you're using *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, you'd have to refer to the special abbreviations appendix.

—2. But in other dictionaries—the Funk and Wagnalls *College Standard*, for instance—this abbreviation would be included in the body of the dictionary.

—3. *Webster's Collegiate* lists all foreign words and phrases in the regular section of the book.

—4. *Webster's Collegiate* is the only popular abridged dictionary which includes the derivations of words.

—5. The original edition of *Roget's Thesaurus* is arranged in simple dictionary form, which makes it easy to use it.

—6. *Crabb's English Synonyms* includes exactly the same material as that found in the *Thesaurus*.

—7. *Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms* and *Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms* both offer the same information.

Answers in Teacher Edition

page 313b; (c) Volume H, paragraph 313 and following paragraphs.

7. The index reference 15-5507-10 in *Book of Knowledge* tells you to check: (a) Volume 15, pages 5507 to 5510; (b) Volume 15, page 5507, paragraph 10; (c) Volume 10, chapter 15, page 5507.

8. You'd find an article about *mussems* in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* volume labeled: (a) MUSHR-OZON; (b) LIBI-MARY; (c) MARYB-MUSHE.

Magazines: Mountains or Molehills?

(October 13)

Hold it—don't walk through that door! Behind it are your library's magazine stacks, which are forbidden territory for you. To look through any of those magazines, you must fill out a call slip and ask a library assistant to do the legwork for you. But how do you know which magazines to ask for? That information you find in the *Readers' Guide*, the index to current magazines.

(A) Column 1, below, lists several topics which you might look up in the *Guide*. Column 2 lists a number of possible headings which might come to your mind as you're wondering how to classify your topic. Can you match each topic in Column 1 with the proper *Guide* heading in Column 2?

COLUMN 1 COLUMN 2

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| (1) A review of the movie, <i>Rope</i> . | (a) Scholastic |
| (2) "Winter Night," a poem by S. Smith. | (b) Smith |
| (3) A Sch | |

Yes, Your Honesty

By George and Helen Papashvily

The adventures of a new American with a park a policeman and a judge

George Papashvily, co-author of Anything Can Happen, is a Russian immigrant who came to live in America. He found it to be a country of excitement, humor, and adventure. This is the true story of what happened to him one Sunday afternoon in the park.

THIS particular Sunday when all my trouble began was in the late spring. Bright blue day with a high sky and white lamb clouds. The kind of day that's for adventures.

I had my first American-bought suit on and a purple striped tie with a handkerchief to match and a real Yankee Doodle hat from straw. I felt happy and full of prance.

Five or six other fellows and me were visiting around the park. We went from family to family. While we were making shortcut down a quiet path to get on the other side of the park, we came to a beautiful tree foaming over with white blossoms, how they call in English, dogwood.

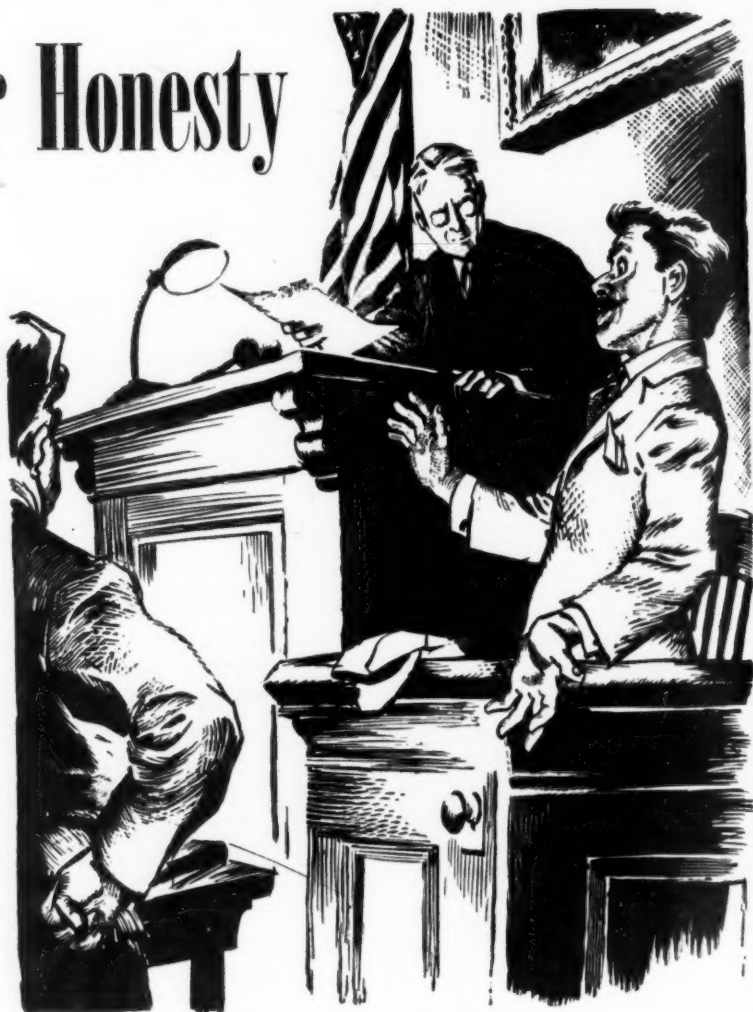
"Flowers, flowers," one Russian fellow, name of Cyrille, said. "I gonna pick. Take bouquet to my lady friend." I don't know who he was, this fellow, he joined us some place we stopped.

"Pick! Pick!" Everybody got the idea. "Pick flowers, take a bouquet to all lady friends."

"Why spoil a tree?" I said. "Use your brains better. If you want to make friends with a nice young lady, ask her to take a walk. Tell her you gonna show her a bouquet growing right out of the ground. Something interesting. That way you get a chance to be acquainted while you're walking. Maybe you know so good on the way back you can invite for ice cream."

No, no, won't listen. They have to break the tree down. Tear his arms and legs off like wolves. Jumping. Jumping.

This story is reprinted from the book *Anything Can Happen* with the permission of the authors, George and Helen Papashvily, and the publishers, Harper & Bros.



"Yes, sir. Some was picking. I wasn't."

Who's gonna get the biggest branch? Makes me sick.

"Personally," I said, "I would be ashamed to give a lady flowers that I got for nothing. That I stole. I prefer better to buy. Shows more respect. Or else don't give."

All of a sudden, that fellow, Cyrille, who had now the biggest bunch, climbed down from the top branches and said to me, "I have to tie my shoelace. Hold my bouquet for a minute, I'll be back." So I held. In that minute, a policeman was there.

"Awright. Awright," he said. "Defacing public property. Awright." He asked us our names and started writing them down on a piece of paper.

"What he does?" I asked Sergei.

"Gives us a summons."

"Summons?"

"We have to go to court."

"We're arrested?"

"Something like that. If we pay the fine, everything be O.K. But if we ignore, they chase us, lock us up."

"What's your name, buddy?" policeman asked me.

I explained the best I can I'm not picking, I'm only holding for the other fellow.

But he doesn't believe me. "Don't argue," he said. "Don't argue or I'll run you in right now."

I explained again, "Boys will tell you," I said. "I wasn't picking."

No, he doesn't believe them either. "Don't alibi him," he said.

I'd be sorry to be a man like that policeman, suspicious that everybody is a liar. What's the use for a person to live if he can't trust nobody?

So he wrote a ticket for me, too, and went away. And still tying his shoe, that fellow Cyrille wasn't back yet.

"This is an awful, awful thing," I said.

"It's nothing," Sergei could laugh.

"Nothing! I lived my whole life at home and I was never in trouble. Now I'm six months in America and I'm a crook. Nothing, you think? How my

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father likes to hear such kind of news? Arrested. What will our village say? The first man from Kobiankari ever comes in the U. S. A. — for what? To go in prison!"

"Look," Sergei said, "You don't even have to go in court. Send the money. Plead guilty."

"But I'm not."

"If you won't plead guilty, you'll have to go in court and have a trial."

"Then I'll go."

"Lose a day's pay."

"I lose."

"How about we find the policeman," Arcady suggested, "and try once more?"

Sergei said: "For myself I'm gonna plead guilty, but the best thing we can do for Giorgi Ivanitch, let's we go back in New York and see a fixer."

"What means vixer?" I said. "Vixer? Kind of a fox, isn't it?"

"Ef. Fixer. It's a man. People pays him for fixing things. He knows how to manage all kinds of permits; he fills out income tax blanks; tears up traffic tickets. Suppose you're refused a license for something, you give the Fixer money, he finds some way around to get it anyway for you."

"Still sounds like a fox."

SERGEI suggested how about we go to see old Mr. Cohen, he was years and years in the U. S. A. Maybe he can think of something.

"Listen," Mr. Cohen said, when we told him everything. "Fixer Mixer leave alone all. Take my advices. I been a citizen for forty-seven years with full papers. President Hayes signed me in personal. Go in court. When they ask you the first question say, 'Not guilty, Your Honor.'"

"Means the judge. All judges in U. S. A. named Your Honor."

"Not guilty, Your Honor. What means 'Your Honor'?"

"Not guilty, Your Honor. Then?"

"Just tell your story nice way."

"With my broken words?"

"Say the best way you can. Probably judge gonna listen and try to understand you. Of course it can happen you get a mean judge, one that's too tired to pay attention, that don't like foreigners to bother him. But very few those kind. If you get such one, pay your fine, don't argue. Just come and tell me."

"What you gonna do?"

"Why, next time, I vote against him, naturally. We don't keep him in office no more, if he don't act nice."

So next morning I went in court.

Now my name. I couldn't understand a word they asked me. I was nervous. My English was running out of my head like sand through a sieve. How they told me to call a judge? Your Honorable? No. Your Highness? No, that's

Russian. Your? — They were asking me something. I had to answer. I took my courage in my two hands and spoke out. "Not guilty, Your Honesty."

Courtroom went wild. Laughing and laughing. Laughing like hyenas. The judge pounded with the hammer. Bang. Bang. Bang! His face was red like a turkey's. What I done? I was sure I was going in Sing Sing and be thrown in the deepest-down dungeon.

"Young man, address the Court as Sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Did I understand you to plead not guilty?"

"Yes, sir. Not guilty."

"This officer says you and your friends were destroying a tree. Breaking the limbs."

"Yes, sir. Some was picking. I wasn't."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"No, sir. Friends were with me, but they can't come today. They all pleaded guilty, sent you a fine. Cheaper than to lose a day's pay."

"Why didn't you do that?"

"Because if I'm guilty I admit it, but if I'm not guilty, no man gonna make me say I am. Just as much a lie to say you guilty when you not as to say you innocent if you did wrong."

"Yes, that's correct. How long are you in the United States?"

"Six months."

"Ever in trouble at home? Assault or kill a man?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Hundreds. After the first year, I never counted them any more."

"Where was this?"

"In the War. I'm a sniper. It's my job to shoot all the Germans I see."

"I see. I mean in civil life. When you were not a soldier, not in the army."

Freedom

Isn't it wonderful to live in a free country where a person dares to say what he thinks — if his parents, the neighbors, the police, and his teachers are not listening!

Canadian High News

The Long Silence

"It was rather late when Jim brought me home last night," began the daughter apologetically. "I hope the noise didn't disturb you."

"Not the noise," replied her mother. "It was the long silence afterwards."

Double Thanks

Delighted by the gift she had received, the lady spoke warmly to the farm boy:

"At church tomorrow, I'll thank your mother for this lovely pie."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," the boy suggested nervously, "would you thank her for two pies?"

Tab

Ever hurt or strike anybody?"

"Yes, sir. Once."

"What?"

"Knocked a man's teeth out. Few."

"Why?"

"Caught him giving poisoned meat to my dog to eat."

"Understandable. Only time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you actually see this man," His Honesty asked the policeman, "breaking the tree?"

"No, sir. Not exactly, but all the others admitted guilt and he was with them, holding a bunch of flowers."

"I believe he's a truthful man, Officer, and this time you were probably mistaken. Case dismissed."

And then His Honesty, big American judge, leaned over. And what do you think he said to me, ignorant, no speaking language, six months off a boat, greenhorn foreigner? "Young man, I like to shake hands with you."

And in front of that whole court room he did.

Anything Has Happened!

In order to make space in this issue to reprint this chapter ("Yes, Your Honesty") from the book, *Anything Can Happen*, we are postponing the ninth article in our series on "How to Judge Movies." This ninth article—The Movie Camera-man—will appear in our next issue, which will be dated December 1, 1948.

Have you read "Book Revue" on pages 7-8? This article—on how to make book reports—uses *Anything Can Happen* as the example of a book to be "reported on" by a group of students.

Fish Dinner

A stout man wandered disconsolately around the aquarium looking gloomily at the fish in the tanks. The keeper, a friendly sort of fellow, approached him and said: "Well, sir, and what fish do you like best?"

The answer came back sorrowfully: "Grilled herring, with mustard sauce."

Tab

Definitions

A sarong is a brightly colored potato sack — for tomatoes.

A girl's promise to be ready on time usually carries a lot of WAIT.

Canadian High News

Ask No Questions

Tourist: "Tell me, are there any sharks around here where I'm swimming?"

Native: "No — they're all afraid of the crocodiles."

Canadian High News

Learn To Think...STRAIGHT

"OH MY GOSH! Tomorrow I talk to Dean Fisher about my courses for junior year," Jim said aloud. "To take history or chemistry. Which will be most useful?"

"For what?" That was the voice of Jim's kid sister. "It makes a difference what your purpose is. If you're going to be a scientist, take chemistry. If you expect to be a history teacher, take history."

"Suppose I don't expect to be either one," retorted Jim. "No matter who you are, history helps you understand what's going on in the world. Science helps you understand other things, such as refrigeration and vitamins."

"What are you going to be?" Jim's sister persisted.

"I might be a journalist, or I might be a businessman. I'll go to college if I can work my way through."

Jim planned to take both science and history courses in his senior year. He could take only one of the two subjects in his junior year. He had talked to the dean and to his parents. Now he had to do some thinking for himself.

Jim remembered reading a book in which the hero thought his problems out with the aid of a pencil and paper. He began making two lists. Here they are:

Why I should take history:

1. Using a microscope and learning that water is H_2O is a waste of time unless I plan to be a scientist.
2. A knowledge of history helps you to understand many books, radio programs, news stories, and conversations.
3. Dean Fisher says that if I want to be a journalist or a businessman—work that requires getting along with people—history may be useful.
4. My brother says the history teacher is "soft"; never assigns homework.
5. Jane is taking the course.

Why I should take chemistry:

1. Ted said history is a dry, boring subject.
2. I know three fellows who graduated last year and aren't scientists; they all three said chemistry is one of the courses from which they learned most.
3. Everyone says I should take courses that are more practical than history.
4. The catalogue of the college I hope to attend states that two science courses in high school are desirable.

History in the Lead

"Five to four in favor of history!" Jim counted up his points. "So it's settled."

"That," said Jim's sister, who had

slipped back into the room, "makes you the dunce of Clark High! Even I know better than that. Suppose you were deciding whether or not to dive into a pool that might be shallow. The only point *against* diving in would be: — If the pool is shallow, you might kill yourself. There might be a dozen points in favor of diving in — such as you're hot, the day is hot, the pool doesn't look shallow, and so on. So in you'd go!"

"Hmm," Jim pondered when his sister had flounced from the room. "I suppose some reasons are more important than others."

Jim looked at his lists. What made him think that using a microscope and learning about H_2O would be a waste of time unless he became a scientist? Wouldn't he be learning scientific principles that would make him a more alert and interesting person because he understood more things around him? "I jumped to a conclusion on that one. I haven't any facts to back it up," Jim exclaimed. He crossed the point off his list.

"The second point is sound," Jim checked, "and a good reason for taking history. And the third point is Dean Fisher's opinion. Dean Fisher has talked to people in many careers and knows what training is often most useful."

What about the history teacher's being "soft" and never assigning home work? Even if the teacher is "soft," Jim decided, that has nothing to do with choosing a course that will be most useful to me. He crossed the point off his list.

The fifth point — being in the same



Dave in Youth Magazine

You have the evidence. You will now write your conclusions on the combustibility of hydrogen.

class with Jane — would be swell. But it also had nothing to do with choosing the course that would be best for Jim.

Chemistry Leads

"Two to four in favor of chemistry—so far."

Then our hero's eyes wandered over the reasons he'd listed for taking "chem." So Ted says history is dry and boring. Ted never studies so he doesn't like most subjects. His opinion of a subject shouldn't influence Jim.

"But," Jim looked at the second point, "those graduates ought to know what they're talking about. Their opinions are good reasons for taking 'chem.'"

And the next point: Everyone advises me to take practical courses? Who's everyone? And what is "practical"? A course is practical if it is teaching you something you think is important for you to know. If "everyone's opinion" means stray remarks overheard here or there, this is not a good reason for doing something.

Score Tied!

Jim checked the last point. The score was two to two. Now it was up to Jim to decide which two reasons seemed best to him.

It looks as if Jim was back where he started in the beginning. But this time he had clearly in mind some reasons for making his decision.

"What I've been doing," he exclaimed suddenly, "is writing down evidence for taking each course."

Jim pictured himself in a courtroom addressing a judge. "And here, Your Honor, is the case for chemistry (or history). My evidence is made up of (1) facts, *not* guesses; (2) opinions of authorities, *not* opinions of just anybody or of nobody; (3) facts and opinions that *stick* to the point being discussed.

Jim had a long talk with Dean Fisher in which they settled his problem.

The following week, however, Jim had another problem. Should he receive an allowance from his parents to cover only school expenses? Or an allowance that would cover clothes and entertainment as well? His parents suggested he think the problem through carefully.

Jim made two lists again. Write down the points you would put on these lists. Look over your lists and cross out any points that aren't facts, that aren't opinions of persons who ought to know, or that don't stick to the point!

letter PERFECT

DOLLIE SAUNDERS scowled at the letter requesting information about the teen canteen. (Dollie is student secretary of the canteen.) Here's the letter of information she read.

Maumee High School
Maumee, Oklahoma
November 16, 1948

Miss Dollie Saunders
Student Secretary
Teen Canteen
Fremont, Oklahoma

Dear Miss Saunders:

Will you please give us some information to help us organize a canteen in Maumee similar to yours?

Here's what we'd like to know:

1. What did you do to sell the idea of a teen canteen to the community?
2. How is the money raised to support the canteen?
3. What membership rules do you have?
4. How is the canteen managed? By a board of directors? If so, how are the directors chosen?

The Youth Council of Maumee, composed of public-spirited citizens and high school student leaders, is interested in starting a canteen for Maumee's young people. Rev. Richard Davis, pastor of one of our local churches, has visited your canteen. He suggested that we should write to you for information.

We shall appreciate any help you can give us.

Sincerely yours,

Roxanne Bing, Secretary
Canteen Planning Committee

Dollie read the well-organized letter asking for information and shrugged "I'd better dash off some kind of answer."

Here's Dollie's answer to a request for information.

Teen Canteen
Fremont, Oklahoma
November 17, 1948

Miss Roxanne Bing
Canteen Planning Committee
Maumee High School
Maumee, Oklahoma

Dear Roxanne:

I'm sorry to say that I don't have the complete information that you requested recently about how to organize a teen canteen. However, Ralph Rogers who is president of our canteen wrote an article all about it and sent it into the "Say What You Please!" editor of *Practical English*. They publish articles like that, you know. Well, it'll appear sometime in February or March and you can read all about how

we did it. I'll be glad to send you my copy.

What with book reports, a home project, etc., I don't really have the time to look up the answers to your questions at the present time. Our canteen's a big success and I don't know what we'd do without it. I especially enjoy the Friday after school dances. You should by all means start a canteen in Maumee immediately. They aren't hard to organize and they are certainly worthwhile.

Sincerely yours,

Dollie Saunders

Has Dollie done her best to be of service to the Canteen Planning Committee of Maumee? How would Dollie have felt if she had received such an answer when she and her pals were planning the Fremont canteen? Would it really be much work to find the answers to Roxanne's questions?

Action, Please!

Let's help Dollie with her answer to a letter requesting information.

1. *Stress positive action, if possible, in the first paragraph.* Dollie's "I'm sorry-to-say" opening accentuates the negative. Change that first sentence to headline *positive* action. "We are glad to send you at once, in response to your inquiry of November 16 . . ." Now what can Dollie send? Why not send a carbon copy of the article that Ralph Rogers wrote for *P. E.*? That way, Dolly will be helping the committee

immediately and not making them wait until the article is published.

The "at once" is good. Promptness in answering a letter of inquiry shows an interest in serving. Answer immediately while Maumee needs help.

Why not take Roxanne's letter to Ralph or to some other responsible person and ask him to jot down brief, accurate answers to the question Roxanne asked? Number the answer to each question and type it in a separate paragraph, just as Roxanne typed her questions.

2. *Explain or comment on the material you're enclosing.* Add any other information which you think might be helpful. Tell Roxanne that the carbon copy you're enclosing is of an article that Ralph wrote for *P. E.* Why not invite the Planning Committee to make an appointment to visit Fremont's canteen? Sometimes it's much easier to talk over such problems directly.

3. *Use a courteous, good-will close.* Cross out that excuse for not helping Roxanne. The rest of the paragraph, beginning with "Our canteen's a big success . . ." makes a good closing paragraph. Dollie might conclude it by wishing the Maumee group good luck with their project.

4. *Check your letter for small errors in grammar, punctuation, spelling, and usage.* Are the sentences grammatically correct? What do the two *its* refer to in the second sentence of Dollie's letter? What punctuation is missing in the sentence beginning: *I especially enjoy . . .*?

Rewrite Dollie's letter so that it will be helpful to the Maumee group.



Jeff Keate, Cartoons-of-the-Month

"I'm sorry, Mr. Mayor. We're still feeling the effects of Boys' Week!"

WHEN you read stories, are you interested only in the plot? If so, you're missing a great deal. How about examining an author's ideas, as well as his plot?

Notice that we said *examine*. You're only half-reading if you swallow whole every idea a writer presents. Teach yourself first to find the ideas. Then learn to judge these ideas, to weigh them *pro* and *con*. Does a certain character have a personal code of honor which you admire? Would it hold good in every situation, or only in the one presented in this particular story? Does the author drive home a moral which sounds sensible? Don't jump to conclusions. Can you adopt the moral as a generalization, or would you make some amendments before accepting it?

To be more specific, let's examine "Yes, Your Honesty" (page 12) for its ideas.

This quiz should help you to find the ideas in the story, and to judge those ideas. Section (a) in each question is a fact question which brings out an idea. Section (b) in each case presents thought questions which will lead you to an evaluation of the idea.

1. (a) What was Giorgi's reason for saying he'd prefer giving a lady friend a bouquet which he'd paid for, instead of one which had cost him nothing? (b) Do you agree with the idea that a



Test Your READING SKILL

gift is more valuable if the giver must pay for it? Can you explain the reason for Giorgi's holding this attitude?

2. (a) Did Mr. Cohen advise Giorgi to tell the judge the truth no matter what happened? (b) Do you consider this advice sensible or dishonest?

3. (a) How did Giorgi explain to the judge his reason for giving up a day's pay to come to court and argue his case? (b) Do you agree with his ideal of absolute honesty, or do you think it caused him more trouble than it was worth? Do you always condemn "white lies" or do you think they're sometimes justified?

4. (a) What did Giorgi say that convinced the judge of his absolute truthfulness? (b) Do you think the judge was an unusual man, or would anyone have been wise enough to make the same decision about Giorgi's case? Do you think you would have answered as Giorgi did, or would you have given "smarter"—but less accurate—replies?

* * *

Unlike many rough-and-tumble foot-

ball stories, "The Pigskin Heart" (page 23) also contains food for thought. A good talk-fest about the story may bring you and your friends to some interesting conclusions about a code for playing the game.

You may wish to use these discussion questions as a jumping-off place.

1. Can you explain the difference between Degraw's love for football and Willy's?

2. Do you think Willy was justified in holding his long-standing grudge against George Bolton?

3. What would you consider the most important factor in forcing Willy on to make the first touchdown in the Eastern game?

4. What do you think made Willy go back into the game in spite of his bad knee? Do you think he should have gone back in?

5. Do you think Bolton's lack of concern over losing the game showed that he really wasn't interested in football?

Answers in Teacher Edition



TIPS ON READING

DO YOU spend more time than necessary on your schoolwork? Don't laugh at the suggestion—you may actually be cheating yourself!

How would you tackle a long article about Colorado if you were looking for information about Boulder Dam, located in that state?

What you should do is *skim*. Glance lightly at each line of print, looking only for the words Boulder Dam. Don't try to absorb anything; don't try to understand what you're looking at. Just push your eyes rapidly over the type until you see the clue you're hunting for; then begin to read.

Skimming uses the same "key word" technique that you practiced last week for rapid reading. But when you skim, you know the key word you're looking for.

Your Boulder Dam job is particularly easy because the key words are capi-

talized. But with practice, you'll be able to find any key word—or even many key words at the same time. This might be your problem if you were skimming a magazine article about Africa, to discover the kinds of animals living there. Your eyes would be open for—and your mind concentrating on—only one idea: animals. You'd race past comments on crops, climate, and people. Only certain words would halt your rapid animal-hunt—lion, camel, gorilla, leopard, zebra, etc.

Here are some other examples of problems you can solve by skimming.

- (1) You may skim to review the topics covered in a chapter of a civics book which you've already read. Since this is a textbook, your job is simple. You merely glance over each page, keeping your eyes moving until they light on section topics and paragraph headings in dark type or capitals or italics: *FACILITIES FOR HEALTH, Medical Personnel, Hospitals, Clinics.*

- (2) You may skim to discover whether a library book will answer your needs. Skim over the contents page, noting the chapter titles. Glance over the introduction, looking for the author's purposes in writing the book. Flip through a few chapters to take in the sub-headings. Does the book cover the topics you're interested in? Does it include

features you want—review questions, chapter summaries, charts and diagrams?

Now you have the three general uses for skimming: to locate specific material; to review familiar material; to preview possible materials. *Don't ever try to substitute skimming for rapid reading or studying* (which we'll cover next week). It just won't work.

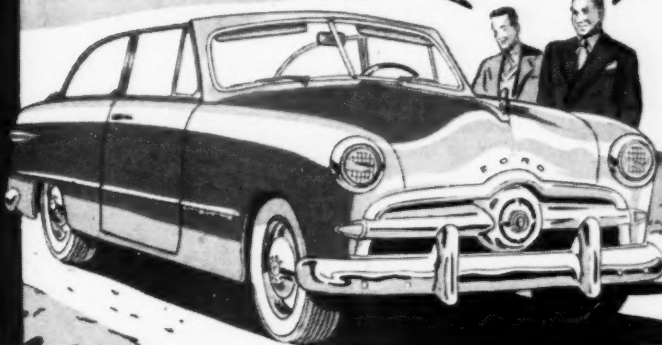
Try this paragraph for size. Skim it to discover the different kinds of people who had entered Kentucky before Daniel Boone. Don't look for reasons, explanations, or ideas. Just run through it for kinds of people. (Your teacher will tell you how many seconds you should take to *skim* this passage.)

There were explorers in Kentucky a century before Daniel Boone's time. Closer to his time there were fur traders and hunters who followed the Ohio River and streams to the south. There were also soldiers and officers who had been given land grants along the Ohio. There were surveyors and agents who represented them and went to these sections to get the lay of the land. There were trails of other pioneers that Boone followed, trails made by men who had come down from Pittsburgh by boat and gone on to Arkansas.

Answers in Teacher Edition

FORD'S CHIEF TEST DRIVER

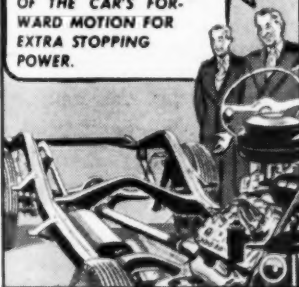
AL ESPER GIVES JOE SOME HIGHLIGHTS of the '49 FORD



SA-A-AY, THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING CAR I'VE EVER SEEN!

AND THE BEAUTY'S MORE THAN SKIN DEEP, JOE. HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU—

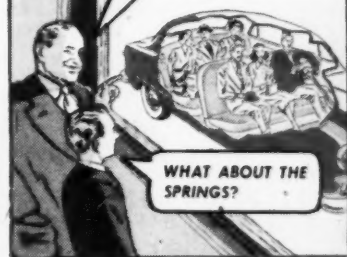
"MAGIC ACTION" KING-SIZE BRAKES OPERATE 35% EASIER. THEY USE PART OF THE CAR'S FORWARD MOTION FOR EXTRA STOPPING POWER.



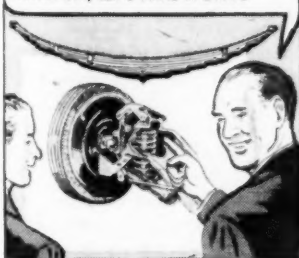
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CAREER CLUB

1,000,000 Jobs — Coming Up

"THE butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker—are us 20 years from now," Dick Varnum stated.

The Career Clubbers looked puzzled. "What I mean," Dick continued, "is that we may dream of being aviators and movie stars right now, but most of us will wind up right here at home, working in the offices, factories, and stores of Middle Creek. Our program committee feels, therefore, that we should spend most of our time studying everyday jobs—the work of truckdrivers, machine operators, typists, etc.

"That doesn't mean, though, that we shouldn't keep our eyes open to new industries that are just developing. Today Ray Celek and Sandy Harris are going to tell us about opportunities in the field of television."

Sandy faced the group. "I guess you all know that Ray and I took a trip to New York City this summer in our jockey. Since we're both television enthusiasts, we visited several television studios.

"Mr. Hert, the assistant personnel manager at WSLB, told us that each of the big New York stations receives from 300 to 600 job applications every month. Most of the job seekers are without experience, but they want to get in on the ground floor of television. Many are attracted by the glamour of the business and by predictions of huge expansion for the industry. Actually, there's little hope of a job in television without training and experience."

"But with good training," Ray added, "prospects look good. Industrial leaders

predict that in five years, television will employ 1,000,000 persons."

"Ray and I found that most television workers right now are coming from radio shows, from Broadway theatre groups, and from the movies," Sandy reported. "Mr. Hert said that for a career in television we should go to a good technical school when we finish high school. Or get into radio production."

"Of course," Ray interrupted, "that was before he knew we were both interested in becoming television cameramen. There'd be no experience in radio work for that job."

"That's right," Sandy said. "Mr. Hert meant for most television jobs such as that of the sound director.

"Telexperts"

"It takes many specialists to run a television show. Ray's put a list on the blackboard of some of the major workers in television," Sandy said.

Here's Ray's list (which we found in John Southwell's *Getting a Job in Television*. McGraw-Hill. 1947.):

show director	writer
sound director	stagehand
"shading" man	studio assistant
motion-picture projectionist	actor
operating engineer	singer
cameraman	dancer
microphone boom operator	announcer
stage manager	scene designer
chief engineer	scene builder
clerical worker	scene painter
	maintenance man
	program director

... for Trained Television Technicians

"You can see," Sandy said, "that many of these jobs also are to be found in other industries. You learn program directing by directing plays at school, by studying dramatics in a special school. You can get experience making announcements here at school or by working at the local radio studio.

"My big interest is in becoming a television cameraman. Good television or movie cameramen are few and far between. It takes ability to get a well-composed picture, get it quickly, and keep all the action in proper focus. A television cameraman must be on his toes when he starts shooting a football game. He can't stop and retake shots. The show's on the air.

"For studio programs, the cameraman usually has a copy of the script which is marked for action shots. Also, he wears earphones so that the director can coach him through a 'mike' on how to shoot the show.

"No studio will hire an inexperienced cameraman. A beginner must start as a technician and learn television studio operation from the ground up. He may start as a *dolly* (camera-platform on wheels) *pusher*, a *light operator*, or a *mike boom* (adjustable crane which suspends the mike) *operator*. Some studios have schools to train these technicians as cameramen. Most cameramen average \$72 or more for a 40-hour week.

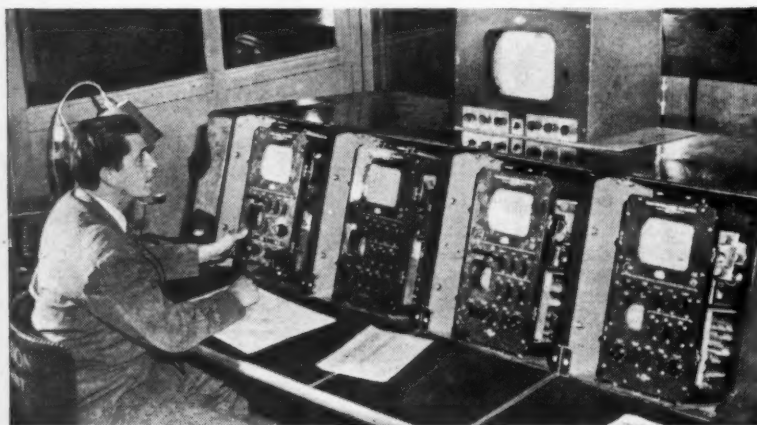
"One beginning job in the technical field is *studio assistant* (average wage: \$43 a week). A studio assistant pushes a camera around, lifts camera cables out of the way, places floor lights and 'spots' in position. From this job, a beginner can advance to almost any other technical job in television."

Investigate the Work

"If you are interested in knowing more about any one job in television—such as the job of *announcer*," Ray interjected, "start reading television books and magazines (*Variety*, *Printers' Ink*, *The Billboard*, etc.). By all means visit a television studio whenever you can, and watch telecasts.

"And if you're sure television is your field," Ray concluded, "write to your state director of vocational guidance (at your state capital) for a list of colleges and technical schools which give television or related courses."

— WILLIAM FAVEL, Vocational Editor



DuMont Television Network

Technical director of a television show selects his program from the four television screens before him. (Each screen represents work of a different camera.) His selected camera shots will appear on the larger screen above.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Vol. 5, No. 9, November 17, 1948

NAME _____

CLASS _____

Watch Your Language

What do the following have in common: *agree among*, *agree on*, *agree to*, *agree with*?

Right. They all contain the word *agree*. How do they differ? Each one has a different preposition tacked on to *agree*.

Would you know how to use each one correctly? You should, because these are very common constructions called *idioms*. There are over a thousand constructions like these in our language. (Hold on now. We're not going to take them all up here!) If you know how to use them correctly—the commoner ones, that is—you'll find your writing much improved.

What are we waiting for? Let's take those four we just listed. The best thing to do is to give an example or two of the correct use of each. That'll fix them most clearly in your mind.

Agree among. The members of the family were finally able to *agree among* themselves.

Agree on. We *agreed on* doing what he suggested.

Agree to. The generals *agreed to* his plan.

Agree with. I *agree with* you.

• • •

Apologize for. He was forced to *apologize for* his mistakes.

Apologize to. You must *apologize to* Jan for your actions.

• • •

Apply for. (1) You should *apply for* admission to college early in May. (2) You may *apply for* that position any time after Monday.

Apply to. (1) *Apply to* the personnel manager for a leave of absence. (2) This regulation does not *apply to* men who have been here for more than two years.

• • •

Argue about. The senators *argued about* Federal aid for education.

Argue for. He *argued for* the bill because he believed it would benefit everybody.

Argue with. He was the sort of person who would *argue with* anybody about anything.

• • •

Belong in. The hammer *belongs in* that drawer. (That is its proper place—in the drawer.)

Belong to. Take good care of yourself. You *belong to* me. (You are mine.)

Belong with. This dissecting needle *belongs with* the scalpel on that table.

• • •

Capacity for. Most students have a greater *capacity for* learning than they imagine.

(Continued on page 20, column 1)

Are You Spellbound?

Keep your *ear* on the following words. Pronounce them correctly—and the chances are at least ten to one that you'll *spell* them correctly, too. Don't forget, though, that you must take a good *look* at the word; so use your eyes, too.

1. *Disastrous*. Only three (3) syllables in this word: dis as trous. There's no *e* in the word. It is related to the word *disaster*, which has an *e*; but *disastrous* is spelled without the *e*.

2. *February*. You never misspell this word, do you? It's so simple, isn't it? Yet it is one of the most commonly misspelled words—all the way from elementary school to college. Why? It's that middle *r* that mows them down. If you don't say Feb ru ary, you are likely to miss that *r* sound, and then you'll spell the word without the *r*. That's what so many people do.

3. *Library*. This one is just like February. Careless people say li ba ry or li ber ry—and spell it that way, too! Say li bra ry and you'll be right on pronunciation and spelling.

4. *Government*. Just take this word apart and you won't have any trouble with it: govern plus ment equals government. Be sure to say govern and then ment, and watch for that *n* in the middle. That's what trips most people.

5. *Hindrance*. This one is like *disastrous*. It comes from the word *hinder*, but *hindrance* drops the *e*. There are only 2 syllables in *hindrance*: hin drance. This suggestion is a little on the crazy side—but it works. Just ask yourself, "Would you like to *drance* with him?" and there you have it. It doesn't make too much sense, we know; but it may help you fix the correct spelling in your mind.

6. *Sandwich*. If you've ever gone to a beach picnic, the one thing you'll remember is that every *sandwich* has sand in it. A beach picnic wouldn't be a picnic without sand in the sandwiches. Agreed? There's no sam in any *sandwich*!

7. *Secretary*. This is another one of those words with an *r* in the middle. If you take a good look at the word, you'll see *secret* in it. Now you can spell *secret* without any difficulty. Just add *ary* and you have *secretary*. But don't say *seecretary*. Say *seh*cretary. Clear? Or if you don't like that device, try this one: Every *secretary* can keep a *secret*.

8. *Laboratory*. The thing to watch for in this word is *labor*. That's the spot where the trouble begins. Get that *labor* part correct, and the rest is easy.

9. *Mischievous*. Break this one up into its 3 syllables; mis chie vous. That's all there are—3 syllables. The last one looks like a French word—*vous*. That's the tough spot. Look at it again—and say *vous* (voo). (Not *whoo*, please!).

(Continued on page 20, column 2)

(Continued from page 19, column 1)

Capacity of. The new trucks have a *capacity* of three tons. (That's as much as they can carry.)

Consult about. You should *consult* your grade adviser *about* your school problems.

Consult with. *Consult with* your grade adviser about your school problems.

Qualified to. He is *qualified to* hold this job.

Qualified for. Having passed the examination, he is now *qualified for* the job.

Skillful at. He is very *skillful at* wood-turning.

Skillful with. He is very *skillful with* a knife.

Identical with. Your suit is *identical with* mine. (It's exactly the same.)

In each of the following sentences, fill in the blank with the correct preposition. Two points for each. Total 40.

1. I found it difficult to agree _____ him.
2. You'll regret it if you agree _____ this undertaking.
3. We all agreed _____ the next step to be taken.
4. The club broke up because the boys couldn't agree _____ themselves.
5. Do I have to apologize _____ you all the time?
6. Your mother is right. You'll have to apologize _____ your sister.
7. Apply early _____ Mr. Farnsworth.
8. Does section 6 apply _____ all immigrants?
9. What's wrong with that job? Nobody wants to apply _____ it.
10. Everything seems so simple. What is there to argue _____ ? Whom can you argue _____ ?
11. How can you argue _____ such an evil law?
12. Do you belong _____ this room?
13. You belong _____ me.
14. You belong _____ the boys in group A.
15. This locket is identical _____ the one that was stolen last week.
16. Ralph Greenleaf was very skillful _____ billiards.
17. Joan is very skillful _____ her hands.
18. Do you now feel qualified _____ hold this position?
19. The bridge has a capacity _____ ten tons.
20. You should consult Dr. Jones _____ your ailment.

My score _____

(Continued from page 19, column 2)

10. **Tremendous.** There doesn't seem to be any very good reason for misspelling this word. Yet there are some of our friends who think that *d* sounds like *j*. So they proceed to spell the word with a *j*. Just say what you see here and you'll be absolutely safe and correct: tre men *dous*.

Read each of the following sentences carefully. If there is no misspelled word, mark the sentence C. If there is a misspelled word, underscore it, and write the correct spelling of the word in the space at the end of the sentence. Two points for each sentence. Total, 20.

- 1. The West had one of its most disasterous floods in years. _____
- 2. February is a treacherous month. _____
- 3. The new move will result in a tremenjous saving to the firm. _____
- 4. Our library is well-equipped. _____
- 5. Children are much more mischievious these days. _____
- 6. Scientists have made many wonderful discoveries in the labratory. _____
- 7. The good secetary is tactful, efficient, and well-informed. _____
- 8. I have never tasted such a delicious sandwich. _____
- 9. People have more freedom under a democratic form of government. _____
- 10. Let me go. I won't be a hinderance to you. _____

My score _____



Word Study
"You mean since the mechanic fixed it, it doesn't spell any better?"

Sign Language

The *comma*, as you have no doubt come to realize, is one of the handiest marks of punctuation that we have. It's one of the most important, too—and probably the one you use (or ought to use) more often than any other mark of punctuation—except the period.

Remember that the comma says, "Slow down, bub, or your ideas will get into each other's way." When you slow down, you take a breath (*mentally*, if you're *reading*; *physically*, if you're *speaking*). In this way, you are able to see the relationship between one idea and another. It makes your writing and your speaking clearer. That's all there is to it. That's the only reason for the comma. It's not for decoration—as some students think. It's to help you make sense. Keep this in mind all the time as we discuss the various uses of the comma.

Terms or Words in a Series

We had chicken ham salad bacon and egg sandwiches and milk.

That sounds like a pretty tasty meal. But what did you really eat? Well, that depends on where you put the commas. Suppose you punctuated the sentence this way:

We had chicken, ham, salad, bacon and egg, sandwiches, and milk.

That would give you six different things to eat. Count them—and notice where the commas come—after each course or dish.

Now suppose we punctuate the sentence this way:

We had chicken, ham salad, bacon and egg sandwiches, and milk.

Same words—but a totally different meal. It's all done with the commas. You'll agree, too, that it's mighty important *where* you put those commas. It may make the difference between eating something you like and something you don't like!

The general rule to follow is to put a comma *after* each term or word in a series (or list of things). The terms in the series aren't always nouns (names of things) either. Sometimes they're phrases or clauses. But it doesn't matter what they are. If you are talking about a series of things, be sure to separate them by commas. That'll keep everybody clear and happy.

Here are some examples:

1. Wherever I go, whatever I think, whatever I say, I shall be faithful to you always.

2. In the winter, in the summer, in the fall, and in the springtime, the mail always goes through.

Just one point you want to remember particularly. If an *and* comes before the last item in a series, be sure to put a comma *before* the *and*:

We saw mountains, valleys, hills, *and* plateaus.

That makes it clear that you saw *four* different things.

If you use *and* to connect two things, but you are thinking of the two things as one (a unit), then don't use a comma before the *and*. This example will make clear what we mean:

For breakfast, we had grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs.

Notice that there's no comma before the *and*. That's because you are thinking of *ham and eggs* as a dish. You aren't thinking of two things—but one thing. If you were to

Words to the Wise

What does the name *Phoebe* make you think of? Perhaps it brings nothing to your mind; you may never have known a *Phoebe*. But it may make Alice shudder, because she knew a girl named Phoebe whom she disliked. Tom, who's a nature lover, may be reminded of a photograph which he took of a *phoebe*, which is a bird. And *Phoebe* may stand for the moon for Allen, who has read enough Greek mythology to know that Phoebe was the Greek moon goddess.

Try saying *siesta* to a group of people and asking each to tell you what it makes him think of. One may reply "bed," another may answer "Mexico," a third may be reminded of warm noonday sun. But actually, *siesta* means none of these things!

Our minds attach meanings to words which have nothing to do with their dictionary definitions. Since all of us have different backgrounds and different experiences, we may each attach a completely different meaning to the same word. *Phoebe* was an example of that.

But usually we all base our "mind-meanings" of a word on the same general idea. The three different reactions to *siesta* were all based on the same idea of a Spanish word for a short midday rest.

The "mind-meaning" that we attach to a word is called its *connotation*—this is the idea that a word suggests in our minds. (The dictionary meaning of a word is its *denotation*.)

Often words which are synonyms, according to their *denotations*, are very far apart according to the *connotations*. The dictionary, for instance, makes *antique* and *old-fashioned* seem like synonyms. It even uses each word in its definition of the other. Yet to all of us, an *antique* chair suggests something valuable and decorative (even if we wouldn't want to live with it!). And an *old-fashioned* chair suggests something shabby, unattractive, and undesirable.

Become aware of the connotations of words. Without that awareness your speech may be vague or even rude.

Start building up your "connotative vocabulary" with this quiz. In each sentence underline the word which suggests the idea asked for in the question. Count 4 points for each. Total, 20.

1. Which suggests more dignity?

That old gentleman who lives next door to us always speaks to us in a very (a) *queer* (b) *quaint* manner.

2. Which suggests that the boy was more serious?

Steve confessed to me that the idea of becoming a pilot was an (a) *ambition* (b) *obsession* of his.

3. Which suggests that the workers are under a strain?

Each time the foreman counted to three, the men who were working on the building (a) *heaved* (b) *raised* up one of the crates.

4. Which suggests that the flowers might not have been fresh?

As soon as we entered the house, we were overcome by the (a) *fragrance* (b) *odor* of the flowers.

5. Which suggests that Helen had worked harder?

In honor of Danny's homecoming, Helen had scrubbed the floor until it looked (a) *clean* (b) *immaculate*.

(Continued on page 22, column 1)

My score_____

(Continued from page 21, column 1)

put a comma before *and*, you'd get something altogether different:

For breakfast, we had grapefruit, cereal, ham, and eggs.

Now the ham and the eggs are separate items on your breakfast menu. They aren't the same as that wonderful dish called *ham and eggs*.

Put the commas where they belong in the following sentences. In the space following the sentence, write the word that comes *before* the comma, and then put the comma after it. (Don't re-write the whole sentence!) Two points for each sentence. Total, 20.

1. On my trip I saw the Rockies the Appalachians and the Black Hills. _____

2. All men women children and animals escaped from the fire. _____

3. Whoever you are whatever you do makes no difference to me. _____

4. Pitching hay milking the cows and caring for the pigs are part of every farmer's daily chores. _____

5. My favorite flowers are dahlias roses chrysanthemums and irises. _____

6. Mother and Dad Sister and Brother and Uncle Fred and Aunt Martha arrived today. _____

7. It isn't easy to eat to talk and to listen to the radio at the same time. _____

8. There were generals lieutenants majors captains and privates at the affair. _____

9. I had salad fish bread and butter and milk. _____

10. Skating swimming and golfing aren't easy to learn. _____

My score _____

My total score _____

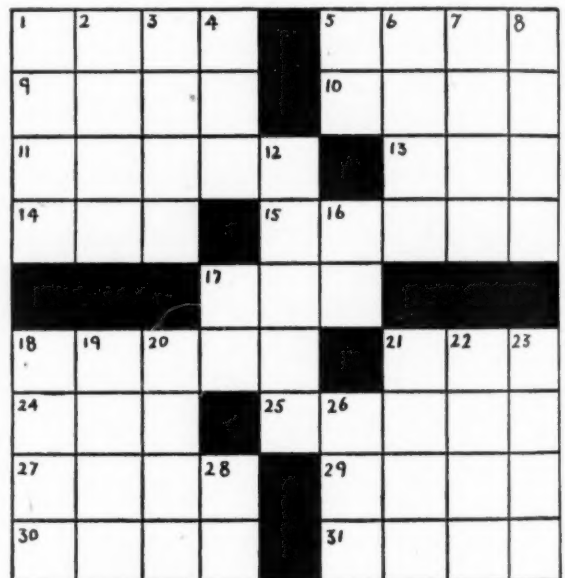
Answers in Teacher Edition

A Bit of Fun

Are you an (5 across) crossword puzzle fan—do you just (3 down) to do 'em? Fine! We're (*homonym* for 26, down) in favor of fun. But here's an (21 down) worth considering: In addition to being fun, crossword puzzles provide fine first (24 across) for your vocabulary. Train yourself to remember the new words you learn, and to notice unusual definitions for familiar words.

You can bat 108 on this puzzle if you credit yourself with 3 points for each of the 36 definitions you recognize.

Answers will appear on this page next week. In this issue, they're in the Teacher Edition.



ACROSS

- Hard steel tool used for smoothing or wearing down.
- Eager, greedy.
- Scent, fragrance.
- Fearful, as in "_____ prophecy."
- Chairman's mallet.
- Past of "see."
- South southeast (*abbrev.*).
- Paradises; "Garden of _____" (*plural*).
- Hail, as in "_____ Maria."
- Tool for smoothing wood.
- Frosty, chilly.
- Assistance.
- Kitchen utensil for serving soup, stew, etc.
- Comfortable, snug; also quilted teapot cover.
- To reconcile a person to the loss of something, as "to _____ him from a life of luxury."
- Joint in middle of leg.
- Rules made by governing bodies.

DOWN

- Mists.
- Eddie Cantor is _____ husband.
- This is said to make the world go 'round.
- Before (*poetic*).
- Advertisement.
- Tool with two jaws for holding work steady.
- Teheran is the capital of this country.
- Homonym* for "dues."
- Flat, even, smooth.
- Prefix* meaning away, down, or from.
- Indefinite article.
- Hiker's valise.
- "Androcles and the _____," play by G. B. Shaw.
- Cutting tool with thin arched blade.
- Notion, belief.
- Animal's sharp nail.
- Longings (*slang*).
- Pointed tool for piercing small holes.
- You (*Biblical*).

My score _____

By Joel Reeve

WILLY GARTH sat on the bench, his left leg stuck straight out in front of him, both hands caressing the knee. The sheepskin jacket felt good around his neck, where he was sweating a little. He watched the Vale team come down against Kings.

Degraw stood, as always, immobile, his sharp features pointed at the action. The long ulster fell almost to his ankles. His hat was adjusted to a precise angle, the snapbrim shading his eyes. Vale was coming through the Kings tackles. It was the last quarter and Kings led by two touchdowns, but there was that tackle weakness, and the Blue of Vale was launching one of its famed last-minute sorties.

Degraw said without turning his head. "Hinkel."

Willy Garth saw the sour expression on the captain's face as he went forward to stand beside the coach. Degraw never took his eyes from the field. He spoke sharply to Hinkel. There had been a time, only last year, when the captain at Kings was entitled to respect from the coach, but Degraw had respect for no one. He had been an All-American himself and he was without respect for any football player.

Hinkel went in; Sharp came out. Degraw did not look at Sharp. He did not censure him for letting the Vales through. That would come next week. To Degraw, Sharp did not exist except as a pawn in a game he was playing against the Vales.

Sharp sat down. He mumbled, "They got a good play there. Good thing you scored twice, Willy . . . Your knee hurt?"

"Not much," said Willy.

"They got a swell play. They split us and Berry wheels through."

Willy said, "Wait'll Bolton starts going through next week. Wait'll that Eastern line starts tearing us up."

"You always talk about that Bolton." Sharp sighed, then said abruptly, "Degraw is such a jerk. It's no fun any more, playin' on this club."

"He's all football. Cut him open, and his heart would turn out to be made of pigskin," said Willy.

Degraw was watching Hinkel. The Vales kept coming, gaining fewer yards per try, but still gaining. Kings was an Ivy League team. It was the best Ivy League team in years, but there was that tackle weakness. Hinkel, Colley, Sharp were good Ivy League tackles, but not great.

The rest of the team was pretty great,

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THE PIGSKIN HEART

Willy thought. Even before Degraw had come to Kings, last spring training, the aroused alumni had seen to it that there were good men at Kings. Not professionals, not thugs. They were smart boys, reasonably high in their classes. But they could play football. They were big and brawny and quick, and their brains were quick, too.

Degraw was big time, of course. His record in the Middle West proved that. He was a tall man, about forty. His eyes were burning brands during a game. He was a cold man, but his eyes burned. No one on the squad liked him; but they respected his know-how, his ability to teach them football. He had taught Willy that cutback. He had made Willy a big offensive threat.

Willy was too small for the big time. He never weighed over one-fifty. He would have been a sprinter had it not been for the knee. He was a blond boy with light eyes and a large, friendly mouth. He had a love for football as

deep as Degraw's; he had always loved the game.

Sharp was saying, "It was fun under Pop, but Degraw is a jerk. You can kill yourself out there and Degraw won't notice. But if you slip up once, you're murdered."

Willy said, "Vale's going to score." "What of it? We'll freeze the ball and the game'll end."

Willy said, "Degraw's thinking of Eastern next week. That Bolton—"

"You sure hate Bolton, don't you, Willy? It's funny—you even have a good word for Degraw, but you hate that Bolton."

Willy did not have to reply, because a Vale back ran through tackle and scored. He sat there and wondered if he really did hate George Bolton be-

cause of that old incident, and if he would be able to repay Bolton next week when Kings met Eastern.

Kings was going a bit out of its class in playing the big university. George Bolton was getting a free ride and fifty dollars per month for attending Eastern, Willy knew through home-town gossip, and others on the team were getting the same. Eastern spent—and made—a lot of money on its football teams. It was Degraw who had angled for that Eastern game.

Vale failed to convert. The score was 20 to 13. The blue went back and lined up, still waving arms, still determined to take the ball away and tie it up. Vale teams never quit. There was tradition in that.

Degraw said, "Garth."

Sharp said, "No! The dirty — your knee—"

Willy tried not to limp. Degraw did not look at him.

"Tell Yancey to use 91."

"Yessir."

The cold voice said, "I want another touchdown."

"Yessir." That was all you ever said to Degraw when a game was in progress. The corners of the coach's square mouth turned down. He was angry.

"Sharp."

He was taking Bud Hinkel out. The captain had played only about a quarter of the game. Degraw was riding him, all right. Willy went in and White came off. Vale kicked a deep one.

Yancey caught it and went back to the twenty-five. He saw Willy and winked, and Willy did not have to tell him the play.

It was a stripper, from the single wing. Everybody faked right, with Yancey cleverly concealing the ball. Then Willy had it; he checked. Then he was running left, without cover.

It was his speed which made it count. He got outside the end, who was looking the other way because of the fakery and then he was trying to outrun the safety man. His knee did not feel so good.

HE WAITED, timing it, then used the cutback. The knee almost buckled, and he cursed George Bolton savagely under his breath. The safety man closed in. Willy put on speed, somehow forcing the bad knee to pump harder.

Two of them caught him on the goal line. They pinched him, but he managed to fall forward. He was over, all right. He got up, stumbled a little and saw his relief coming onto the field. He managed to walk off.

Degraw did not look at him. Degraw was sending in a green tackle for Sharp, to give the boy experience, now that the game was sewed up. Willy wished he could go to the dressing room and have

his knee baked, but he had to wait for the game to end. It did, very soon, with Vale filling the air with futile passes. Willy got up and dragged himself to the lecture.

Degraw believed in correcting mistakes while they were fresh in the mind. He stood there—tall, cold, accurate—telling them. He even ran a short clip of a movie of Eastern's great team, with Bolton crashing through inside tackle. Willy forgot his weariness, staring at the big figure flashing with the remembered high knee action, cutting back, gaining, always gaining.

Degraw ended, "They'll beat you to death if you don't improve."

"That's our thanks for beating Vale for the first time in years," muttered Bud Hinkle, as they went to the showers. "The bum."

"You've been talking to Sharp," said Willy. "Degraw's just a footballer."

"Yeah. Heart of pigskin. Win, win, win. You see any of the fellows celebrating a Vale victory? You know what that would've meant under Pop." The big captain's face was lined with anger and futility.

Willy said, "We've won every game. If we beat Eastern, we're going down in Kings history as one of the great teams. You're captain. It should mean a lot to you."

Hinkel stared at him. "You're a funny guy, Willie. You like everyone, you see good in everything. Maybe you're right—but Degraw's a bum." The water cut off further conversation . . .

It was over at last, the preparation, and Saturday came. Willy walked among the ancient elms and Gothic towers and came to the club house. The team assembled there in the morning. Degraw's face grew colder and narrower as game time approached. He lashed at them harshly, the intensity of his voice and his words betraying his nervousness. He was a cold man, all the way through, Willy conceded.

But Hinkel appeared to be paying no attention. Willy went close to the captain and saw that his face was flushed, his eyes were unnaturally bright. Willy put his hand on Hinkel's forehead. He said, "Hey! You better see Doc before you go out there."

Hinkel brushed him away. "G'wan. Shut up."

"Bud, my father's a doctor. I know a fever when I see it."

"Shut up!"

"But, Bud, you can get bad hurt out there!"

"I'm all right, I tell you. Shut up!"

Willy went away. Degraw had gone into his office, where he always schemed last-minute stratagems. Willy knocked on the door. There was no answer. Frowning, Willy slipped outdoors. The Eastern bus was unloading at the visi-

tor's dressing-room door. He watched, motionless.

A long-legged, sport-coated figure squinted in the cold November sun. Willy made a motion to retreat, but it was too late. The Eastern player moved toward him and he had to stand his ground, his face flushed, head back.

George Bolton was a round-faced, tough-looking boy, with a reckless mouth and green eyes. His hands and feet were big, in proportion to his body, and he had an awkward, rolling way of walking. He said, "Hi, Willy. How about shakin' hands?"

"I wouldn't like it," said Willy.

THE BIG man stopped short, his smile fading. "Still sore? Now, that ain't like you, Willy. I don't get that. I ain't sore at you."

"You haven't got—" Willy stopped. He had almost mentioned the knee. It would be murder if they knew about the knee. He ended weakly, "You can say it on the field."

"I don't get it." The hard, round face was honestly puzzled. "Everybody back home says you're such a nice li'l guy. I'm sorry I gave you the twist, away back there. It didn't hurt you much. You been goin' good. I've been proud of you. A little guy like you, scorin' touchdowns like crazy—"

"Save it, George."

"You won't run wild against us," George said, without boasting, without rancor. "But that part's all right. I just thought hometown guys should be friendly. I know I'm from the other side of the track—"

"It's not that and you know it," snapped Willy.

"It's because I gave you a twist," nodded George. "And we won that old city championship. I'm sorry, honest I am."

Willy said, "You must've got religion." He was actually sneering at this big, red-faced young man.

"Ahhh," said Bolton. His face got even redder. "Ahhh. All right. Look out for yourself, then. Thassall. Look out for yourself out there."

Willy turned and almost ran to the dressing room. He tore off his clothing furiously, hating George Bolton as he stared at the knee, the slight inflammation, the swelling. Eph Gear, the old trainer, came with the brace and fastened it and Willy remembered the high-school game, running against the tough kids from the other side of town.

He had been a star in high school, and Bolton had been his opposite number. On this play, Willy had got away. He was going for the side line, looking hopefully for a blocker. Slowing down for the blockers was what had given George the shot at him. And George

(Continued on page 28)

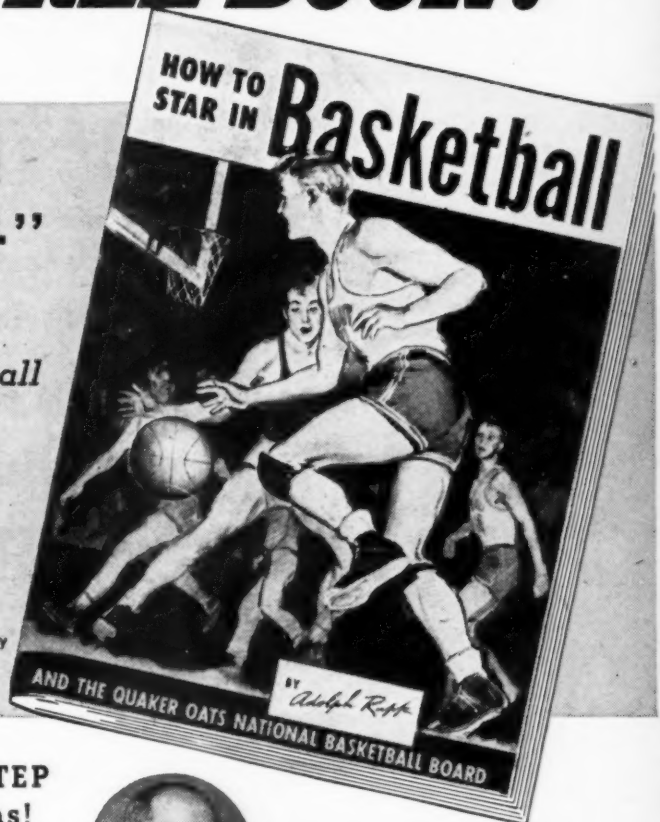
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GROUP CLASSIFICATIONS: Group I: Students in Grades 7 and 8 whether in an elementary, junior, or general four-year high school. Group II: Students in Grades 9 and 10 who receive instruction for less than 10 clock hours per week in industrial arts. Group III: Students in Grades 11 and 12 who receive instruction for less than 10 clock hours per week in industrial arts. Group IV: Students in vocational, trade and industrial, and technical high schools who spend 10 or more clock hours per week in shop, laboratory, or drawing room receiving instructions in the subject represented by the entry.

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CAST



ALCOA

FIRST IN
ALUMINUM



The Pigskin Heart

(Continued from page 24)

had taken it. He could still feel the big hands on his leg, twisting.

He could not run after that. George's team had won. George had made All-State and got the scholarship to Eastern and Willy had come quietly to Kings to take his premed course. But the knee was always bad. . . .

Willy went back to the door of the coach's office. He called, "Coach, it's me, Garth."

"Come in." The voice was menacing, it seemed to Willy.

Degraw sat behind the desk and now his cold eyes fastened upon Willy. "I was about to send for you, Garth. I saw you consorting with Bolton. You know my rule. You know what I think about consorting with enemy players."

Willy said, "Consorting? With Bolton? Why, Coach, I hate that guy."

Degraw's eyes narrowed. He surveyed Willy closely, one hand tapping out a rhythm on the desk. "You hate Bolton? I never thought you could hate anyone, Garth. I've noted in you a certain lack of— Why do you hate Bolton?"

"Why, Coach, he gave me this knee, back in high school."

Degraw's eyes burned a little, like during a game. He said, "So. A dirty player."

"Well, that was in high school. . . . Coach, I wanted to tell you about Hinkel. He's got a fever. You'd better get Doc to check Hinkel. Playing with a fever's dangerous."

Degraw said, "So you hate Bolton? Well, you may get your shot at him today. He's their big gun. . . ."

"Hinkel's speech is thick, he isn't himself," said Willy desperately. "He'll insist on playing, but you know what a fever will do—"

"You've got this streak in you, Garth. Weakness. You're all right on the field, but you've got this weakness. Hinkel is all right, do you understand. I made Hinkel all right." The cold eyes had really begun to burn now. "Garth, let me give you one lesson: A small man cannot afford to be weak."

Willy said, "Hinkel is not all right. . . ."

"That's all," said Degraw. The corners of his mouth turned down, not petulantly, but with grave harshness. "You may go now."

THEY CAME together, they came apart. They lunged, ran, threw the ball, kicked it as thousands cheered. The wires of the nation were busy telling the story. It became late in the second

quarter of the game and the story was amazing, because there had been no score.

Hinkel was way above anything he had ever displayed before. It wasn't right. Hinkel was not that good.

Eastern had thundered, with Bolton, Nogalski and Kerr, their great backs, but Kings had stood firm; there had been no lightning. Yancey kicked a beauty out of bounds and on the exchange Kings came up with the ball on their thirty-five.

Degraw said, "Garth." His gaze never left the field, but inside the long overcoat he was taut as a viol string, Willy knew. "Use 91, Garth." He paused, then his voice cut, warning, almost spiteful, "And watch yourself out there, Garth."

It stung. It meant Willy was weak, it meant Bolton was in there, waiting to get him, it meant Willy was not to say anything to Bud, or about Bud. Willy went in. White's face was bruised. He looked happy to get relief.

Willy stared at Bud Hinkel. The captain's eyes were half closed, his jaw drooped a little. There had been a man like him at home, one of his father's patients, and he had overdone it on the tennis court and now he was partially paralyzed. A brain lesion, they said. Willy gulped and listened to Yancey give the signal for the 91 play.

PAUSE TO REFRESH AT EVERYBODY'S CLUB



Yancey had a cheerful, competent voice. He said, "Hep!" and they hepped, and the play came, with the faking and the line play and all the Kings players surging right. Willy counted, then spun and ran outside the Eastern left end, cutting back, picking up speed.

They had been fooled, as everyone was fooled by this simple but effective weak-side run. Willy saw them, all headed the wrong way, completely reversed—except for George Bolton.

On the other wing, George had not been bamboozled. He could not outrun Willy and he knew it, so he was cutting the angle. He was going downfield, picking a spot inside the goal line where he could head off Willy and stop him short of a touchdown.

Willy was running easy inside his knee brace. He watched Bolton from one corner of his eye. He knew Kings was loyally mopping up behind him. Yancey came and took out a pursuing end. Hinkel stumbled and fell at mid-field. The stands were up, arms waving, screams rending the air. Willy ran.

He estimated Bolton's speed. He figured the spot where Bolton would catch him. It was about the five-yard line. Willy tried to hurry, but the knee hurt.

He let Bolton come very close. Then setting his teeth, he jerked into the cut-back Degraw had taught him. It meant crossing his legs and changing direction on a dime, but he tried it.

He saw Bolton's dismay and almost laughed. His timing had been right. Then the knee buckled. He was right down there and he had Bolton fooled, but the knee buckled. Bolton reached out. Bolton's hand clamped onto his left knee. Pain shot into his groin.

He spun, his nice, humorous face contorted, his eyes full of stinging tears, teeth showing between lips parted in agony. He spun, using all his lean agility and strength. The knee was in Bolton's hands, but Willy spun and staggered and fell over the line, with Bolton hanging onto him.

It was a touchdown. He did not have to get up. Eph came to get him and there was a tremendous ovation as he limped off, hopping on his right leg.

But Degraw was not even looking at him. Degraw was looking upfield. Willy twisted his head and saw the trouble at once. Bud Hinkel was still lying on his face. He had not arisen after the tumble at mid-field. Degraw's face was like stone, staring.

Sitting with his leg in the baking machine, just before the second half began, Willy overheard the doctor. "Garth cannot run on that leg today. That is final."

Degraw's voice was thick with rage: (Continued on page 32)

- ▶ "Where shall I go to college?"
- ▶ "Can I get in there?"
- ▶ "How much will it cost?"
- ▶ "What degrees are offered?"
- ▶ "Any scholarships, part-time jobs?"

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BOY dates GIRL

IT DOESN'T MATTER which way the train's going. Either way there's an excited feeling in the pit of your stomach and a dozen questions in the back of your mind.

You may be going home for Christmas vacation after being away at prep school for four months. You may be going away from home—to visit the family of that exciting boy you met up at the lake last summer.

You wonder whether Linda will be dated up solid every night. (Four months is a long time to leave your favorite tennis partner on the loose—the prey of the entire Center Falls basketball squad!)

You wonder whether you and Clem will have something in common without your daily 100-yard-crawl competition. Will Clem's family like you?

Relax, passengers. There's no cause for panic if you've planned your trip in advance.

Q. When you go home from boarding school for vacation, how can you get back in with your old gang and the girl you used to date?

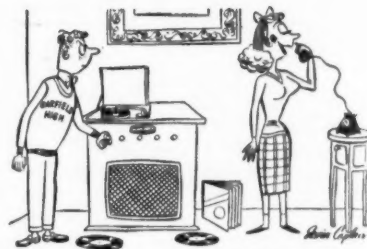
A. The Girl:

Be a bright boy and be prepared for the fact that Linda may have a few invites for the holiday doings already. (We trust you aren't one of those selfish characters who set off last fall for John Paul Jones Academy and a lot of exciting new experiences, having extracted a promise from Linda to hover over her own hearth and think only of you for four months.)

If you haven't pinned your old girl friend down to a schedule of empty evenings, chances are she's been thinking of you anyway—with affection. She probably *wants* to save a few of the important vacation dates for you. But how does she know for sure that your heart still beats for her?

She doesn't—unless you put pen to paper a good two or three weeks in advance and go through the motions of asking her for a date. And don't write, "Dear Linda, I'm coming home on the 22nd, so save every evening from there to New Year's for me."

Try a more tactful approach: "Dear Linda, My train pulls in the the 22nd, and I'd like very much to take you to the Seniors' Christmas dance on the 23rd. Can you book me? I'd also like to put in a bid for New Year's Eve. Joe Barnes is having a party that promises to be fun, and it will be slightly



Irwin Caplan in Colliers

"Jerome! When did you get home from college? No, I'm not doing a thing tonight. Turn down the radio, Father. Yes, Jerome, I'd love to!"

spectacular for me if you can make it. I have a lot to tell you and a lot of Center Falls news to catch up on. If your calendar's not too crowded, you can bring me up to date over a few skating sessions—any afternoons you say."

In the above communication you have asked Linda for (not demanded) two specific dates, and she should get the idea that you'd like to see her as often as possible. Leave the rest to her.

The Gang:

If you've written regularly to Tracy and Gabe, let them in on the highlights of life at Jones Academy and shown a real interest in the activities of your former alma mater, you're probably still "one of the boys," as far as they're concerned.

If you've kept tabs on one or two of your old friends, but lost track of the rest of the hometown crowd, it doesn't take much to bridge the gap. Why not plan a party at your house the night after you arrive home? Invite all the kids you hope to ramble 'round with during vacation. Chances are your guests will remember to put your name on the invitation lists for their parties.

Q. I've been invited to spend several days with the family of a boy I met last summer. Is it proper for me to accept such an invitation? What clothes should I take? Any other tips?

A. If Clem's invite was dittoed by one from his mother, and your mother approves of your going, by all means accept. If Clem occupies a special niche in your dreams, there's no better way to find out whether he really stacks up than to see him in the bosom of his family.

But don't forget that the occasion will be a stiff test for you, too. When Clem brings you home to meet the folks, he's going to be suddenly conscious that it takes more than blonde

bangs and bright eyes to make a girl of whom he'll be proud in all situations. He may be casting a critical eye at your table manners and the breadth of your conversation — because he knows his folks have an eagle eye for such details.

If you decide to go, get off to a correct start by writing two letters of acceptance, one to Clem, one to Mrs. Clements. And find out for sure when the Clements expect you to arrive and how long they expect you to stay. A perfectly brilliant impression on Clem's family can be shattered if you linger on till Tuesday when they expected you to leave Sunday night.

Even if you are urged to stay longer, better make a Sunday night departure, if that is what your original invitation specified. The suggestion that you prolong your visit may be only politeness, and other members of the family may have holiday plans. You can't go wrong by making an exit while your stock is zooming.

As for clothes, a boy should tell you what entertainment he has in mind — a formal dance, a toboggan party, etc. — if his plans require special dress. If Clem doesn't say, ask him. If he replies that he doesn't have anything particular in mind — and boys often don't — you can't miss if you take one dressy dress and one sports outfit (tailored dress or woolen suit with a change of blouses or sweaters).

Don't lug half of your wardrobe to Chicago for three days. You aren't going to have time to change your clothes four times a day.

by Gay Head



HIS NIBS *Poland COE*

HI FOOTIE - WHAT'S UP? I'VE BEEN DON' MY GOOD TURN FOR TODAY - GETTIN' OUR SUPPLY OF NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CODE I FOUND, WILMER - CAN YOU FIGURE IT?

ONE OF BUTCH'S GANG HOUSE - O.A.M. WE'VE GOTTA STOP 'EM!

HEY - IT SAYS "RAID NIBS CLUB" WORK FAST. IT'S 9 O'CLOCK NOW, AND A LONG HARD HIKE TO THE CLUB HOUSE!

WE'LL BE ALL SET - WITH A SWELL-TASTIN' BOWL OF NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT APPEACE - THAT'LL START US OFF RIGHT!

MOM SAYS NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT IS AS NOURISHING AS IT'S GOOD!

BUTCH: ANS DEEA RIBBITO! I DUSMS...

CAN YOU READ THE CODE?

THERE THEY ARE NOW - RIGHT BY THE CLUBHOUSE!

SH-H-H! LISTEN TO 'EM TALKIN'!

I FEEL LIKE I COULD LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS!

GEE - WE MADE GOOD TIME - WERE ALMOST THERE!

WOW - I'M TIRED FROM THAT HIKE! LET'S TEAR THE PLACE APART!

OH, NO YOU WON'T!

HEY, BUTCH! PROMISE NO MORE RAIDS AND WE'LL LET YOU SHARE OUR SWELL NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT!

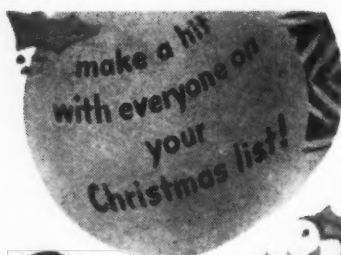
BUTCH'S GANG FOLDED UP FAST! GUESS THEY DIDN'T EAT ANY NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT LIKE WE DID!

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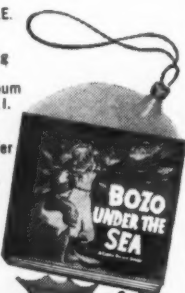
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The Pigskin Heart

(Continued from page 29)

"Garth is my climax back. Furthermore he is a football player, all the way through. I must have him!"

The doctor said, "You've sent one boy to the infirmary today. Hinkel is in serious shape, Degraw. He should not have played."

"I refuse to accept responsibility," Degraw said coldly. "There was nothing wrong with Hinkel. He was excited, that was all. He is an hysterical type."

"I blame myself," said the doctor. "Had I not been detained—"

"It is no one's fault," snapped Degraw. "I want Garth in there, Doctor, if the occasion arises. You will remember that I am athletic director as well as head coach here. If I need Garth—I want him."

The doctor said, "You shall have my resignation tomorrow. But if Garth puts the strain of a long run on that leg, I will not be responsible and my report will show it."

That was all Willy heard. He sat with the knee under the heat during the third quarter. He kept wondering what kind of man Degraw was. He had never thought of him as a man, only as a coach.

He could not decide. Degraw was not a man, he was a machine, a football machine. Yet football was a game. Willy had always enjoyed football more than anything else in the world. Winning or losing, he had enjoyed it, even in high school. Now it was Degraw who was spoiling it. Dislike for the cold, overbearing coach grew within him. He moved restlessly and Eph Gear came back and said, "Quarter's over. Still seven-nothing."

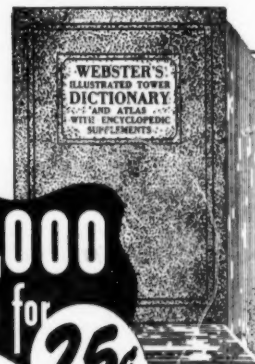
Willy said, "I can get out now." He got down and tried the leg. It was not much good. He made the trainer replace the brace. But he limped badly going to the bench. The crowd saw him and howled bloody murder, but that did not make his knee any better.

Degraw's eyes slid around to him, but the coach made no other sign. Willy sat down. The men on the bench made a fuss over him, covering him with blankets against the wind which had risen.

Bolton was still in the game. The teams changed goals and Eastern had the wind with them. An exchange of kicks gave them the ball on their own thirty-five.

They started moving, then. They ran in a couple of fresh linemen and started at the tackles. They went over Sharp. They got five yards. They went at Colley, but he stood them off with two, so they went back at Sharp.

It was nightmarish. The big linemen



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would spread Sharp and Alger; Frey would be blocked and then Bolton would come through, knees high, gloriously charging. White would hit him, or Grayson, the center, or Young, the fullback, but Bolton would have his gain. Sometimes it was four, sometimes five, sometimes six. He just kept rolling along. He got over midfield in a hurry.

It took time. Once someone stole the ball and Yancey kicked into the wind, a poor kick. Degraw's jaw muscles twitched then. He had taken Sharp out for a rest on offense, and now he sent him in again. Sharp looked awful. He was reeling from weariness, but he went doggedly to the task. Eastern rolled again and Willy began watching the clock. There was plenty of time for a touchdown to tie it up. Maybe they could score twice. Kings was so beaten up that the whole defense might fall apart.

Eastern was trying to smash them, to break the back of the defense and pull the game out of the fire by brute strength.

Bolton crashed for fifteen, getting away from Young; Yancey tripped him just as Bolton was about to break into the open field. Yancey called time out. The ball was on Kings' fifteen-yard line.

It was only a question of time. Everyone knew it. The Kings men on the bench were silent, suffering. Degraw did not turn around. The stands were restless with the rustling of sullen Kings adherents, eager but restrained Eastern fans.

Degraw said, "Garth." Willy stood up and put on his helmet.

The doctor was up like a whippet, moving to where the coach stood. Degraw said coldly, "Garth will not have to run far. Garth has a chance to stop Bolton."

"A man his weight, on defense?"

Degraw's voice was remote, Olympian: "Garth. You know Bolton. You know the play they are using. Could you get in there faster than White? Could you plug that hole?"

"No! This is murder," said the doctor.

Degraw said, "I am leaving it to Garth."

"Don't do it. Bolton weighs two hundred. He's fast—"

Willy was looking at Degraw, but Degraw was not looking at Willy. The coach was staring at the field, estimating the chances. It meant an undefeated season, it meant headlines, it meant money and fame to Degraw. To Willy it meant a bum knee for life—

He thought of George Bolton, hammering through, gaining All-America at the expense of the Kings tackles. He thought of Bud in the infirmary, captain of Kings, sick and delirious. He thought of his father, who had warned him

(Continued on page 36)

**readin',
'riting,
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and now
the fourth "R"...
radio!**

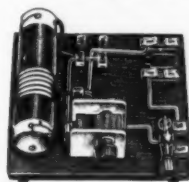


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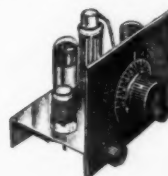
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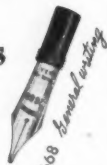
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OKEY DOAK

IF Doak Walker doesn't make every All-American football team this year, the whole Southwest will probably secede from civilization.

Down Texas way, Doak has a bigger following than Li'l Abner. The natives think he's the greatest football player in the land, and they wouldn't trade him for an oil well or Macy's department store.

Doak does everything but carry the water bucket for the Southern Methodist University Mustangs. He passes, blocks, runs, calls signals, punts a little, catches passes, kicks field goals and extra points, and plays defense like Stonewall Jackson.

He also has a wonderful knack of coming through in the clutch. In S.M.U.'s only loss so far this season (to Missouri), Doak scored all of his team's 14 points. Against powerhouse Texas U., Doak tallied two touchdowns, set up a third, and kicked three extra points to lead S.M.U. to a 21-6 victory.

Thanks to Doak, the Mustangs didn't lose a game last year. Only Texas Christian U. tied them during the regular season, and that certainly wasn't Doak's fault.

All he did in that game was make

runs of 80, 61, and 56 yards; score two touchdowns; roll up 119 yards by running; complete 10 of 14 passes for 136 yards; return three punts for 53 yards; and tote back three kick-offs for 163 yards.

Count up the yardage and you'll see that Doak gained 471 yards that day.

At the end of the season, Doak was picked on nearly every All-American team. And, remember, he was only a sophomore! By the time he graduates in 1950, he will probably be a three-time All-American—one of the handful in football history.

The Superman of the Southwest is a 21-year-old chunk of muscle, standing 5-feet 11-inches and weighing 175 pounds. He is sandy haired, blue eyed, and handsome as a paycheck.

Papa Walker, who is assistant superintendent of schools in Dallas, isn't the least bit surprised at Doak's success. He raised his boy to be an All-American.

When Doak was two years old he was wearing a football helmet and playing catch with Papa every afternoon in the backyard. At six, Doak could drop-kick the ball over the clothesline.

By the time Doak entered Highland Park High School, he was a top-notch

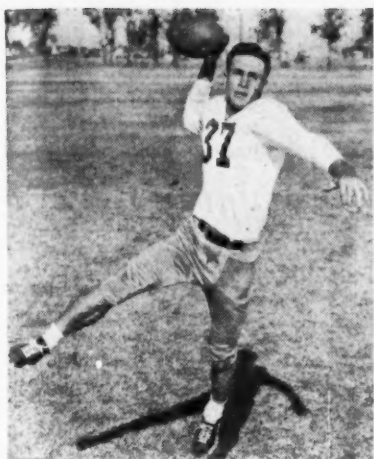
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Triple threat Doak Walker, All-American quarterback from S.M.U.

all-around athlete. As a senior he won letters in five sports—football, baseball, basketball, track, and swimming. He wound up with more letters and captaincies than any student in the school's history.

The 1943 Highland Park eleven was a dream team. Both of its co-captains went on to become All-Americans. One was Doak, and the other was Bobby Layne. Bobby made All-American at Texas U. and is now playing with the Chicago Bears pro team.

In addition to playing football for S.M.U., Doak plays baseball and basketball and is constantly being begged by the track and swimming coaches to help them out, too.

A physical education major, he hopes someday to become a coach. But first he will play a few years of pro football.

The folks in Dallas worship him. The Lions Club voted him the city's No. 1 citizen and even a race horse was named after him—"O. K. Doak." It isn't just because Doak is a great football player. He happens to be a wonderful guy, too.

Here's what his high school coach, Rusty Russell, now assistant coach at S.M.U., has to say about him:

"Most people know Doak as an athlete. It's too bad they don't know him as a boy, for he's even more outstanding that way. I love him as though he were my own son.

"He is a wonderful sportsman, a clean liver, and a strong character who sets a fine example for the other fellows. He has never lost his poise, never lost his head, although he has been a marked man ever since his first high school game.

"I've seen him take beatings on the football field that would break the spirit of many players, but Doak just gets up, grins, and shakes it off."

—HERMAN L. MASIN, *Sports Editor*.

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The Pigskin Heart

(Continued from page 33)

about injury, cautioned him against heroism misplaced.

He said, "All right, Coach."

"No," cried the doctor. "You can't—"

He was on the field. They stared at him. White, his face pale and etched with fatigue, did not want to go off. The Easterns stared at the two backs without understanding. Yancey shrugged, his mouth twisting in a wry, understanding grin.

George Bolton stood apart, hands

on hips. His round eyes followed Willy. He watched Willy limp—there was nothing Willy could do about the limp now. Then Bolton turned and stared long and hard at Degraw, standing on the side line like a lighthouse on a rocky shore, alone, stark, impersonal.

Time was called in. Bolton's face was perplexed, hard, eager, all at the same time. He was tough, Willy knew, from a long line of longshorem—ambitious and smart and tough.

The play formed. Willy, unaccustomed to playing the wing, had to think hard. It had been genius which sent him in here, of course—Degraw's genius

which recognized a football brain. What had made him come of his own accord was something he did not fathom as yet, but Degraw had been smart. Willy could diagnose a play, and he knew Bolton. He played back a little, wanting them to think he had been sent in to stop a possible pass.

Then the play came. It was Bolton, running over poor Sharp. It was the play inside the tackle.

But Willy had got his start on his good leg. When he picked up the speed, he forgot about the bad leg. He went in there, took off. He flew through the air.

Tucking in his head, he made no attempt to evade the head-on collision. He was in there for a purpose. He saw Bolton coming into the hole, then his flying, small form was in there.

The crash was earth-shaking. Willy went down and down, floating a little, it seemed. Yancey was helping him up, too soon. Yancey said, "No gain."

They tried the other side and he got a rest. Colley would not be moved and they got only two yards. They had to come back to Sharp, because Sharp was about done.

They came. They tried to get a man ahead to block Willy, but the blocker was not fast enough. Willy made a projectile of himself. He slammed into the hole and he slammed into Bolton.

They were down and Bolton's face was near his. When Willy could see again, there was a funny look on Bolton's face—as though he were asking a question. Not angry, not baffled, just asking. Willy shook it off and got up.

It was fourth down. The clock was running low. Eastern took time out to confer. Willy stood very still, so that he would not shake. He was bruised from head to foot and now his knee was a raging lake of fire somewhere below his waist. He was afraid to look down at it, for fear the pain would somehow be visible through the silken pants, through the brace.

Yancey said, "You all right, Willy? This is hell. Degraw is a dog."

Sharp said through broken teeth, "A dog. Willy, you shouldn't—"

"I'm all right."

Sharp spat out blood. "What is this, world war? Bud was sick. Your knee—"

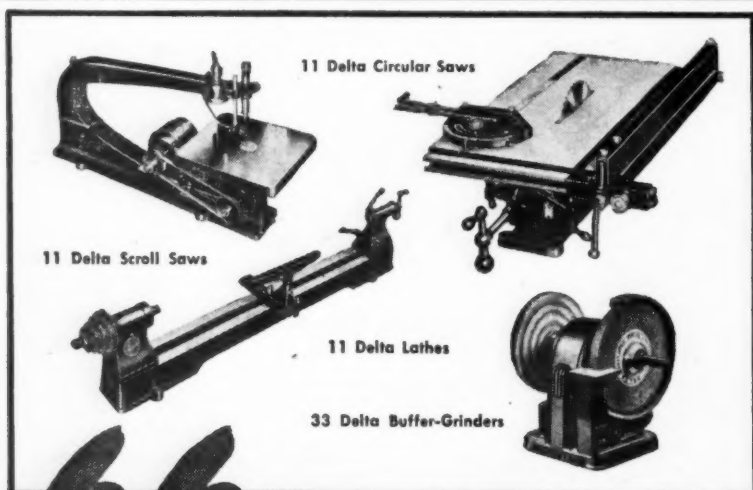
Willy said, "Kings hasn't had an unbeaten season in twenty years. Bud will like it."

"Nuts," said Sharp. "You're soft. We're all dopes, to let Degraw—"

"And we'll do nothing about it. Exactly nothing," said Yancey softly. "Okay. We're on again."

The whistle blew. Eastern had a play. It was one they hadn't used before. Willy sensed it at once. He saw them line up in a slightly different way; Bolton was not in the slot.

But Willy knew football. He stood,



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resting his knee, thinking. The Easterns deployed, and the weary Kings men tried to figure it out. But Willy sensed it, knew it would be Bolton, who had brought them down there, he knew they would give Bolton another chance.

He shifted over at the last moment. They had Sharp spread wide. Willy took off and got to the hole. Bolton was already coming through, from close up, his long legs digging turf.

Willy hit him. He hit him head on, with everything he had. He felt his leg go, but he shoved on with his right leg, one arm grabbing, twisting, throwing Bolton. The big man came down atop him. Willy lay there and the tears would not refrain from pouring down his cheeks, and he held onto Bolton.

There was a gun somewhere. Bolton got up. He stood, his face screwed up, staring at Willy. He shoved Yancey aside. He bent and lifted Willy and got Willy's arm over his shoulder.

He kept talking all the way over: "You can be sore at me. But I'm not sore at you. I never saw anything so dead game. I never saw anything like it. A light kid like you—stoppin' us. They couldn't get a block on you! I was never hit harder—" His red face was earnest and his eyes were a very deep green and he was not smiling. His rough voice went on, "So we lost

the game, so what? Our guys ain't killed, like that poor, babbling captain of yours. What kinda guy is this Degraw, anyway?"

They were at the side line. Eph was there, and the doctor's face was pale and accusing. Degraw never moved from where he stood; his face was triumphant, the cold eyes full of glory.

Eph and the doctor took hold of Willy. George Bolton said loudly, "Here's the man won your game. Ain't you even gonna say somethin' to him?"

Willy's leg collapsed. He sat down between the doctor and Eph Gear. He sat, stupidly staring. Degraw's face had not changed. He said merely, "They'll be looking for you, Bolton. Don't be a sorehead."

Bolton took a step. He said, "Sore-head? Why this kid mighta killed himself, winnin' that game for you. Why, you big jerk—"

Degraw said to a couple of the players, "Take him away."

Willy started to get up. He clung to Eph and got to his feet. There was a sudden surge of emotion in him. He actually took a step, crying out, "Leave him alone. Don't touch him! He's all right—"

Then George Bolton had taken another step. He said, "They call us pros at Eastern. They call us other things.

But we don't have to play under—" Degraw said, "Take him away, the mucker!"

George Bolton took another step. The reckless mouth grinned a little. He fainted with his left fist. Then his right shot out. It was a thing of beauty, George's right hand. It was a hitter's long, straight right.

It landed on Degraw's nose. It sent Degraw back, knocking off his hat, dropping him to earth. He sat there, dazed, his nose awry, the blood streaming.

George said, "That was for you, Willy. See you back home." He waved nonchalantly in his tough way and trotted across the field to where a few of his teammates curiously awaited him.

No one raised a hand to stop the going of George Bolton. Willy would always remember that. Staggering off, between Eph and the doctor, he was strangely happy. It would have been a bitter ending to his football career, without George, without the last, reckless deed. He twisted his head to see Degraw getting up, his sparse hair disarranged, the wild look of disbelief in his eye, his dignity shattered forever.

It would be good, going home this year, knowing George was there. It would be different, and it would be very good.



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STAMPS

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Scholastic Magazines accept stamp advertisements only from reliable and trustworthy stamp dealers. Our readers are advised to read an advertisement carefully before sending money for stamps. If the advertisement mentions the word "approvals," the stamp dealer will send you in addition to any free stamp or stamps you pay for in advance, a selection of other stamps known as "approvals." Each of these "approval" stamps has a price clearly marked. If you keep any of the "approval" stamps, you must pay for them and return the ones you do not wish to buy. If you do not intend to buy any of the "approval" stamps return them promptly, being careful to write your name and address in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope in which you return the stamps.

307 Different STAMPS 10¢

You will find scores of new varieties here for your collection! Big and little stamps. Bi-colored stamps. Commemorative, high value! Bicolored Beauties! Strange countries! Every stamp is different. Every stamp one you will delight in owning. Think of the fun you will have! All for only 10¢ for approval applicants. Write today and receive special Ionian Island stamp extra.

Garcon Stamp Company, Box 494, Calais, Maine.

ZOWIE-E-E! A BARREL OF FUN FOR ONLY A DIME!!

50¢ UNITED STATES STAMPS—absolutely unopened and unsorted—just as received from church missions. Many varieties, including large commemoratives, airmails, high denominations, up to \$5.00! Stampdom's biggest package of fun—and you might find something really valuable! PRICE ONLY 10¢ TO SERIOUS APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Money back if not delighted. Rush! Rush! Rush! Write today!

MYSTIC STAMP CO. Dept. 75, CAMDEN, NEW YORK.

STAMPS

Canada's New Stamp

CANADA'S new commemorative stamp, marking "100 years of responsible government in Canada," bears portraits of Queen Victoria, Monarch of Great Britain and the British Empire from 1837 to her death in 1901; and George VI, present King. The central illustration of the stamp is the Canadian Parliament Building at Ottawa.



The price of this stamp in the United States is 8 cents, and it can be purchased from most stamp dealers. When writing for it, be sure to enclose, besides 8 cents, a self-addressed and stamped envelope (3-cent U. S. stamp affixed).

Before the year 1848, the people of Canada had very little to say about how Canada was governed. The Governor of Canada was appointed by the British Cabinet in London, England, and he ruled the Canadian provinces as he pleased.

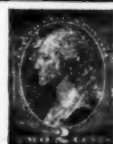
This was changed in January, 1848, and it is this big step toward independence that Canada is observing by issuing this special stamp.

Harris Stamp, Dec. 9

With the Gettysburg Address stamp being issued Nov. 19 at Gettysburg, Pa., only two more U. S. commemoratives are to be issued during the year 1948. They are the American Turners stamp, Nov. 20, at Cincinnati, Ohio; and the Joel Chandler Harris stamp, Dec. 9, at Eatonton, Ga. Joel Chandler Harris (1848-1908) wrote the famous "Uncle Remus" stories. His old home in Atlanta, Georgia, has been made into an "Uncle Remus" museum.

The Turners stamp is being issued to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the Turner Society of the United States which was founded at Cincinnati, on November 20, 1848. The Turners have gymnasiums and social halls in many U. S. cities. Known as Turnverein, the society started in Germany in 1811.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN



It sounds unbelievable, but it's true! 50 different United States stamps ranging in age as far back as over 60 years and in face value as high as one dollar. Only postage, commemorative and air mails included. Nothing else. Extra 2 Jap Occupation of Philippines, all for only 10¢ to approval applicants. Please state whether approvals shall consist of U. S. or foreign stamps or both.

GLOBUS STAMP CO., 258 4th Av., N.Y. 10, N.Y., Dept. 251

WOW!! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10¢!

What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamp from Africa, South America, Free French, Cape July, Palestine, etc. Includes airmails, commemorative and stamps worth up to 50¢. This offer sent for 10¢ to approval applicants. Please state whether approvals shall consist of U. S. or foreign stamps or both.

JAMESTOWN STAMP CO., Dept. 12, Jamestown, New York

STAMP WALLET PLUS
HARD to get HYDERBAD SET, printed PERFORATION GAUGE and MILLI-METER SCALE Given to Approval Applicants who send 10¢ for mailing to

ONLY 10¢

GLOBE STAMP Company
570 EAST 9th STREET
BROOKLYN 18, N.Y.

FREE Surprise package of Stamps, 12 different Countries. 1 Watermark Detector, 1 Perforation Gauge, supply of Stamp Hinges, 1 Approval sheet for Duplicate Stamps, 1 rare triangle to Approval Applicants sending 3¢ Postage. **SELAIS STAMP CO., 2209 Park Ave., Dept. S., Baltimore 17, Md.**

FREE CATALOG!
Beautifully Illustrated United States Stamps. Bargains in Packs, Albums & Supplies. Information for Beginners.

HARRIS & CO., 107 Transit Bldg., BOSTON, MASS

200 Different Stamps ONLY 3¢
to APPROVAL BUYERS. Contains stamps worth up to 15¢ each!

LITTLETON STAMP CO., LITTLETON 13, N.H.

30 BEAUTIFUL AIRMAILS 10¢
100 Diff. Airmails \$1.00; 200 Diff. Airmails \$3.00. Selected sets at reduced prices on approval.

LOUIS MORRISON, Dept. A, Milmont Park, Pa.

MATCHLESS — BARGAIN
10 Diff. Hitler heads War issues and the wonderful superb China Victory Set. This alone catalogs \$2.30 in Scott's. All this for only \$1.20 to applicants for our general foreign approvals.

REBEL STAMP SHOP
Dept. Q Box 212 Philadelphia, Mississippi

200 British Empire Stamps—only 3¢!
KENMORE STAMP CO., ARLINGTON 743, MASS

FREE—Illustrated Catalog!
KENMORE STAMP CO., ARLINGTON 743, MASS.

FREE — CONFUCIUS SET!!
China Confucius Issue of 4 different mint stamps — Yours FREE if you ask for foreign approvals.

MODERN STAMP SERVICE
Box 12, Dept. 200, Wakefield Station, N. Y., N. Y.

FREE Irish Commemorative Collection, including Rebellion issue With Approvals. 3¢ Postage Please

RAYMAX, 129-A WILLIAM STREET, N. Y. C. 7

LOOK
2.00 WORTH OF STAMPS. SEND 10¢.
APPROVALS WILL BE SENT

B. J. OLSON, 48-58 207 ST., BAYSIDE, L. I., N. Y.

VICTORY PACKET FREE—Includes stamps from Tanganyika — British Cayman Islands — Animal — Scarce Palyhead — Coronation — Early Victorian — Airmail — Map Stamps—including big illustrated catalogue. Send 5¢ for postage. **GRAY STAMP COMPANY, Dept. 58, Toronto, Canada.**

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds



Beautiful Sight

A small boy was watching the glorious red glow in the sky over the nearby village with an expression of delighted awe.

"Ah, my boy," said an old man, pausing beside him, "I see that you come up here into the hills, as I do, to admire the beauties of nature. A wonderful sunset, isn't it?"

"That's no sunset, sir," said the boy. "It's our school on fire."

Tab

Secret of Success

William Wrigley, the chewing-gum king, was riding in an airliner when his seat companion said, "I just can't understand, Bill, why you keep pouring millions of dollars every year into advertising when everyone is already aware of your product."

Wrigley pondered briefly, then asked, "How fast would you say this plane is traveling?"

"About three hundred miles an hour," was the answer.

"Then," asked Wrigley, "why don't they just throw out the motors and let it continue on its own momentum?"

Magazine Digest

Liquid Sunshine

Gus Kahn overheard this repartee between two rabid Californians during a heavy rainstorm in Los Angeles. Both watched the downpour with embarrassed expressions. Finally one said to the other: "Boy, some terrible weather certainly blows in from Nevada, doesn't it?"

The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Flowering Youth

Bing Crosby's youngest son, age 10, sent roses to Claudette Colbert on his father's charge account. When questioned as to the reason, he replied: "Because Miss Colbert is beautiful."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked the exasperated crooner.

"Don't ask me," replied the youngster. "I'm only 10."

Quote

Read the Obituaries!

Mother: "Why did Johnny get such a bad mark in history?"

Teacher: "He didn't know when George Washington died."

Mother: "How should he? We live on a side street and never see any funerals go by."

Tab

Hh That Thoe?

Joe: "What's a panther?"

Shmoe: "A panther is a perthon who maketh panth."

Canadian High News

Letter to the Folks

"Dear folks: Please send four hundred dollars at once; the school is bankrupt, and each student has to pay double tuition. Kindly make the check out to me. Your son, Elmer."

Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Service

Diner: "Have you any wild duck?"

Waiter: "No, sir, but we can take a tame one and irritate it for you."

The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

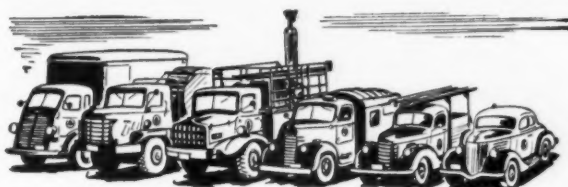
No Issue Next Week

Because of Thanksgiving holidays, there will be no issue of this magazine next week, November 24. Your next issue will be dated December 1.

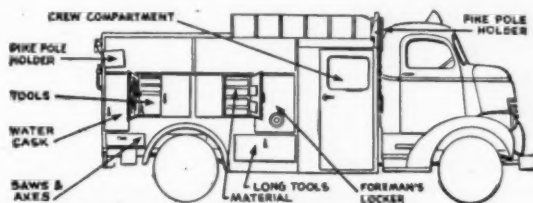


ele-facts

THE TRUCKS THAT DELIVER TELEPHONE SERVICE



WORLD'S LARGEST FLEET Thousands of trucks and cars help build, inspect and repair the nation's telephone lines. Bumper-to-bumper, the Bell System's fleet would stretch more than 150 miles. Each of 16 types of trucks is equipped to do a specific job.



TELEPHONE WORKSHOP ON WHEELS

Wherever new telephone lines go up, you're likely to see a truck like this. It's called a construction truck. Its many lockers hold pole climbers, body belts—tools and materials of all kinds. There is also a derrick for setting poles and a powerful winch for placing cable.

"SWING HIGH, SWEET CHARIOT"

The man in the "crow's-nest" inspects telephone cable as this special truck moves slowly down the street. The ladder is aluminum, can be swung in any direction. Other types of equipment bore holes for poles, dig trenches, carry cable reels.



By creating better tools to do a better job, the telephone company makes sure you receive the most dependable, most useful telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





**don't
say
"corpse"**



**when you mean
"corps"**

And don't say anything but PLANTERS if you expect the very best in peanuts. PLANTERS PEANUTS are tops in everything you look for in good eating: flavor, freshness and nourishment. What's more, they are rich in vitamins that build energy. PLANTERS has all these fine qualities, and gives them to you in a big bagful that costs only a nickel. Get your vitamins the tasty way—with PLANTERS. And for an extra energy treat, try the 5c PLANTERS JUMBO BLOCK Peanut Bar.

WANT A BIG DICTIONARY? . . . See special PLANTERS offer in this issue!



PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

TOOLS for TEACHERS

MAKE YOUR TEACHING EASIER, MORE EFFECTIVE WITH THESE HELPFUL MATERIALS FOR COMING FEATURES.

China

December 1 in Senior Scholastic and World Week

PAMPHLETS: *Forging a New China*, L. K. Rosinger (Headline Series, No. 67, '48) Foreign Policy Assn., 22 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16. 35 cents. *Look Again at China*, W. Lamott, ('48) Friendship Press, 156 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10. 50 cents. *What Hope for China?* (Series G-123-47) National Institute of Social Relations, 1244 20th St., NW, Washington 6, D. C. *China in Ferment*, L. K. Rosinger (FPA Vol. 22, No. 20, '47) Foreign Policy Assn. 25 cents. *Report on China*, A. Crofts (Journeys Behind the News, Vol. 9, No. 21, '45) Social Science Foundation, Univ. of Denver, Denver 10, Colo. 5 cents; *China Yesterday and Today*, E. Lattimore, ('46), Institute of Pacific Relations, 1 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22. 40 cents.

MAGAZINES: "Dragon in the China Shop," *Senior Scholastic*, Feb. 2, '48. "China" (special issue), *Senior Scholastic*, Sept. 24, '44. "Hongkong Boom: China Bust," *Fortune*, Sept. '48. "Makers of Modern China," N. D. Palmer, *Current History*, Sept. '48. "Decline of Chaing Kai-shek," *U. S. News*, June 11, '48. "Aid to China: Is It Wasted?," *U. S. News*, May 21, '48. "Report to the American People on China," W. C. Bullitt, *Life*, Oct. 13, '47.

BOOKS: *China, a Short History*, O. Lattimore (Norton '47) \$3. *China's Story*, E. Meadowcroft (Crowell '46) \$2. *Pagant of Chinese History*, E. Seeger (Longmans '47) \$3.50. *Thunder Out of China*, White and Jacoby (Sloane '46) \$3. *China Takes Her Place*, C. Crow (Harper '44) \$2.75. *Oil for the Lamps of China* (Grosset), fiction, \$1.

FILMS: Write to China Film Enterprises of America, 132 W. 43rd St., New York, N. Y. for catalogue.

Cuba

December 15 in Junior Scholastic

PAMPHLETS: *Cuba, Island Neighbor* (10c), published by Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, 1944; obtain from Supt. of Documents, U. S. Gov't. Printing Office, Wash. 25, D. C. *Cuba* (free), 1947, Pan American World Airways System, 28-19 Bridge Plaza No., Long Island City, N. Y. *Cuba, Sugar Bowl of the World*, by B. F. Crowson, Jr. (10c), 1946, Hispanic-American Life Series No. 17, Pan American Educational Center, Box 6188, Washington, D. C. *Around the Caribbean*, by Nora Burglon, (40c), New World Series, (Heath, 1941).

ARTICLES: "And Cuba Was Liberated," by D. Cox, *Christian Science Monitor Magazine*, June 12, 1948: "Unhappy Doctor," *Time*, June 9, 1947: "Through the West Indies by Highway," by J. C. Lanks, *Canadian Geographic Journal*, May, 1947; "Cuba—American Sugar Bowl," by M. B. Grosvenor, *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1947; "Uncle Sam's Sugar Bowl, Cuba," *World Week*, April 26, 1948.

BOOKS: *Cuba*, by Erna Fergusson, \$3.75 (Knopf, 1946); *Cuban Counterpoint*, by Fernando Ortiz Fernandez, \$4 (Knopf, 1947); *All the Best in Cuba*, by S. A. Clark, \$3 (Dodd, 1946); *The Isle of a Hundred Harbors*, by Olive G. Gibson, \$2.50, (Humphries, 1940).

FILM: *Sojourn in Havana*. Produced by Columbia. Distributed by Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., 25 W. 43 St., New York 18, N. Y. Sound, black-and-white, 9 minutes. Rent (rates vary). Travelogue of Havana, contrasting old and new sections of the city.

Military Influence in Government

December 8 in Senior Scholastic and World Week

PAMPHLETS: *Militarization*, L. B. Wheildon (Vol. 1, No. 18, 1948) Editorial Research Reports, 1205 19th St., N. W. Washington, D. C. 75 cents to libraries. *Influence of Armed Forces on U. S. Foreign Policy*, B. Bolles, (Vol. 22, No. 14, '46) Foreign Policy Reports, 22 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16. 25 cents. *Militarization of America* ('48) National Council Against Conscription, 1013 18th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

ARTICLES: "The Military Move In," H. W. Baldwin, *Harper's Magazine*, Dec. '47. "American Militarism," H. C. Holdridge, *Christian Century*, Mar. 19, '47. "The 'Military Mind,'" E. K. Lindley, *Newsweek*, Feb. 2, '48. "Declining Role of Military in Key Government Posts," *U. S. News*, Feb. 6, '48. "Stop Military Usurpation," M. Knepper, *Forum*, Apr. '48. "Where Are We Headed?" H. S. Commager, *Atlantic Monthly*, Feb. '46. "The Enigma Called 'The Military Mind,'" D. Middleton, *The New York Times Magazine*, Apr. 18, '48.

Series on U. S. Possessions

Starts January 12 in World Week

BOOKS: Government: *National Governments and International Relations*, F. A. Magruder, rev. ed. (Allyn & Bacon, 1942), \$2.12—Alaska, p. 429-437; Hawaii, p. 421-429; Puerto Rico, p. 42-55.

Pacific Islands: *Ocean Outposts*, Helen Follet (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1942), \$2.75—Guam, p. 42-48; Hawaii, p. 15-34; Samoa, p. 94-108. Also see Tools for Teachers, Nov. 10, 1948 *World Week*, "U. S. Trustee Islands."

Puerto Rico: *Puerto Rico, Caribbean Crossroads*, Rotkin and Richardson (U. S. Camera Publishing Co., 1947), \$3.50. *The Stricken Land: The Story of Puerto Rico*, Rexford G. Tugwell (Doubleday & Co., 1947), \$4.50.

Virgin Islands: *Islands on Guard*, Helen Follet (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943), \$2.75, p. 21-36.

Panama Canal Zone: *Caribbean, Sea of the New World*, German Arciniegas (Alfred A. Knopf, 1946), \$3.75, p. 413-445. *American Government*, F. I. Haskin (Harper & Brothers, 1941) p. 161-165. *Bridge of Water*, Helen Nicolay (D. Appleton-Century Co., 1940), \$2.50.

Alaska: *Alaska: Land of Tomorrow*, E. A. Herron (McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1947), \$2.75. *Son of the Smoky Sea*, Simeon Oliver (Julian Messner, 1941), \$2.75, and *Back to the Smoky Sea*, Simeon Oliver (Messner, 1946), \$2—autobiographical story of an Aleutian Eskimo. *We Live in Alaska*, Constance Helmericks (Little Brown & Co., 1944), \$3.50; *Far North Country*, T. R. Williamson (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1944).

Hawaii: *Hawaii, the 49th State*, T. B. Clark (Doubleday & Co., 1947), \$3. *Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani* (Julian Messner, 1947), \$2.50. *Hawaii, Restless Rampart*, Joseph Barber, Jr. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1941).

(See also Tools for Teachers, Nov. 3, 1948 *World Week*.)

Off the Press

Understand Your Child from 6 to 12, by Clara Lambert. Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 144. Public Affairs Committee, 22 E. 38 St., N. Y. 16, 1948. 32 pp., 20c.

Since 1936 the Public Affairs Committee has placed accurate facts on current problems before the American people. In this pamphlet Clara Lambert has drawn upon her experience as Director of Teacher Education at the Play Schools Association and on full-length studies which she has prepared. She has done an important job in describing the 6 to 12-year-old group in non-technical language, so that parents will have acceptable standards for judging the behavior of their children. Teachers, too, will find Miss Lambert's material useful in explaining the behavior of our elementary school children.

Winning Words, by Henry I. Christ. Heath, 1948. 341 pp., \$2.

Teachers traditionally lament the lack of curiosity about words and the frequent misuse of words by students. Mr. Christ, head of the English De-

partment at Andrew Jackson High School, New York City, has written a textbook which stresses the use of colorful, exact words, and which puts students on guard against words which have special connotations. The second part of his text will be especially useful in training students to analyze propaganda. All chapters include a variety of pupil exercises which places the burden of learning upon the student. Cartoons illustrating the text contribute to its attractiveness and utility.

Dictionary of Modern Economics, by Byrne J. Horton, Julien Ripley, Jr., and M. B. Schnapper. Public Affairs Press, Washington, D. C., 1948. 365 pp., \$5.

Although economics is far from being an exact science, the authors have not been dissuaded from reducing to manageable proportions the wealth of information required to understand our complex economic relationships. They have included terms which laymen meet constantly in newspapers and magazines, summaries of Federal laws which affect our economy, important judicial decisions, and a few brief biographies

of economists who are recognized leaders of thought. All items are alphabetically arranged and some of them contain bibliographical references.

Survival or Suicide, edited by Harry H. Moore. Harper, 1948. 209 pp., \$2.

Here in one brief volume is an integrated picture of the forces which have brought the world to the rim of a new abyss. Reasons for Russia's behavior, the national defense program of our country, implications of atomic energy, various ways of building a united, peaceful world, including a chapter on the United Nations, are pieced together so skillfully, from materials furnished by experts, that the stitches are hardly discernible. Writings of William Laurence, John Fischer, Leland Stowe Raymond B. Fosdick, Quentin Reynolds, and others, are knit together by Dr. Moore's contributions wherever there is need for rounding out the story of our world today.

Senior high school students can use this book to gain a clearer view of our times. It is carefully documented and offers unusual appendices which guide readers to the many organizations promoting world peace, and to books, pamphlets and periodicals on war and ways to peace.

The Metric System of Weights and Measures. Twentieth Yearbook of the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University, 1948. 303 pp., \$3.

"I have long been furiously in favor of abolishing yards, feet, inches, gills, hogsheds and the whole hodge-podge and clap-trap collection of clumsy units and improper fractions thereof that we call our 'system' of weights and measures. I'm all for the sensible decimal or 'metric' system," says John Kieran in a letter tucked away on page 156 of the mathematics teachers' 20th yearbook. The National Council has collected other persuasive statements by teachers, scientists and business executives who have been harassed by the system of fractions used in the United States and British Empire, "which alone in the civilized world have not yet made this change to integrated and uniform weights and measures."

Proponents of the change to the metric system argue that it will help to achieve "one world" by going along with the almost universally adopted Hindu-Arabic numerals and the widely used Latin alphabet. In the field of education alone, it is estimated that one year of school time could be saved for each child by substitution of the metric system for the traditional measures.

HOWARD L. HUWITZ

INVITATION TO A PARTY

If you plan to attend the Nov. 25-27 conventions of
The National Council of Social Studies

or

The National Council of Teachers of English
at Chicago, Illinois,

and you are a subscriber to one of the Scholastic family of magazines in classroom quantities, you are cordially invited to a party, including a Thanksgiving buffet supper on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, previous to the evening sessions. The place will be announced at the respective hotels.

SOCIAL STUDIES COUNCIL
Palmer House, Chicago
5:30—7:30 P. M.

ENGLISH COUNCIL
Hotel Stevens, Chicago
6:00—7:50 P. M.

R. S. V. P. (Send request below. Guest card will be mailed to you.)

Scholastic Magazines, 7 East 12th Street, N. Y. 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I accept with pleasure Scholastic's invitation to the annual Thanksgiving party. I plan to attend the

_____ National Council of Teachers of English convention

_____ National Council of Social Studies convention

Very truly yours,

Name _____

School _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Magazine used _____

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